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THE

PRIVATEER'S BRIDE;

OR,

THE CHANNEL SCUD.

BY J. R. CALDWELL

NEW YORK:

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

98 WILLIAM STREET.

THE

PRIVATER'S BRIDE

OR

THE CHANNEL SOUND.

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BY J. H. CALDWELL

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THE PRIVATEER'S BRIDE

CHAPTER I.

THE SIGNAL GUN.

BOOM—BOOM—BOOM—came the sullen detonation from the throat of a cannon, rising above the fury of the Atlantic—lashing itself upon the rocks and breakers of Southern England. *Boom, boom!* it was the despairing cry of a ship in distress, appealing to all and every one who could extend a helping hand.

The Sea Gull, an American privateer, which had roamed the high seas for nearly two years, carrying ruin and destruction among the British shipping, and laughing at the efforts of the frigates and men of-war to get her within their clutches—this dashing little craft had come all the way from the Indian Ocean, where she had been playing the mischief among the vessels that bore the red cross of St. George, and boldly entering the North Channel, had come down through the Irish Sea into St. George's Channel, where she raged right and left—now appearing close to the coast of England, then of Wales, and then skimming across to Ireland, and dealing a blow before the astonished inhabitants had become really aware of her presence.

But the gallant little craft was caught at last in one of the fiercest storms that ever swept the Atlantic. In coming down into the channel, thus rushing into the very jaws of the lion, she had depended upon the charts and the knowledge of an Irishman, who was carried from Dublin some years before by a British press gang, and who had

gained some knowledge of the winding of the Welsh and English coast.

But when off Bristol Channel they were enveloped in a hurricane of wind and rain, which churned the ocean into yeasty foam, and drove the billows with terrific force upon the coast. It looked possible for them to run with the channel; but to do this would have insured capture, and, rather than do that, Captain Warfield and his men preferred to go to the bottom. They were too intensely hated by the Britons to make it safe to fall into their hands.

The storm came on early in the afternoon. Captain Warfield and his experienced men had seen the signs in the sky, and had crowded all sail in the hope of passing Sand's End, or reaching a point so far west as to gain plenty of sea room; but it was found impossible to do so, and when the storm burst, they were but a short distance south of the Bristol Channel, slowly but surely approaching the rocky coast.

Hour after hour they struggled against their fate, and all that consummate seamanship could do, was done; but the utmost that was possible was to delay their doom. A strong current carried them toward land, and the furious thundering of the hurricane hurried them forward with a force which could not be resisted.

"I am afraid the Sea Gull has run her course!" remarked Captain Warfield to his first mate, as the two stood side by side, looking off at the foaming coast, and scarcely able to keep their feet in the tornado which swept the deck, harling the spray and foam fifty feet over their heads.

"It looks bad," was the reply, shouted in his ear.

"If it were only somewhere else that we were to be shattered to pieces," called back the captain, his emotions almost choking his utterance. "It is too bad to be knocked to fragments on these British rocks. If I had known this, I would have preferred that that East Indian cyclone had sent us spinning to the bottom of the Pacific."

Mitchell, the mate, nodded his head in acquiescence of these views.

The seamen were scattered here and there, many lashed

fast to prevent their being swept away, and all calmly awaiting their doom. They had faced death too often to shrink, now that he again hovered over them. There had been a thrill amid the crash and fury of battle, as he flitted ever at their side, and there was something inspiring and grand in the tumult of the elements, which was hurrying them so swiftly to destruction.

There was no shrinking or holding back. Each sailor felt a love for the gallant little Sea Gull, which had borne the young Star Spangled Banner so triumphantly through many a zone and over many an ocean—and there was a wish to remain by her until the last; but each was calmly viewing the elemental struggle, and deliberately calculating as to whether there was one chance in a thousand of their getting safe to land.

In the midst of this appalling scene, and just as the shades of night were closing around, Terrence O'Toole, the pilot, made his way to where Captain Warfield was standing, and, placing his mouth close to his ear, shouted:

"Captain Warfield, there's a passage atween these rocks and breakers somewhere, an' if we could be after findin' the same, we shall raich safety."

"Do you know where it is?"

"No; but we isn't far from it. I was going to observe that you see the people have seen us, an' are runnin' down to the wather to luck at it, by which token, I was going to siggist that——"

The pilot hesitated.

"Well, what is it?"

"That they might be dispowed to hilp us by showin' the same channel, if—if you won't take offense, Captain?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Captain Warfield, at a loss to understand the meaning of the pilot.

"I mean—hopin' yees'll take no offinse, an' understandin' me heart—that if yees'll lower the flag, the people on the shore might be disposed to do us sarvice, by showin' us the way into the channel—which they don't seem likely to do at prisent."

Captain Warfield looked at the pilot a moment, and then

passionately shook his head. Then, pointing aloft to where the flag was cracking and snapping in the wind, borne out with such fury by the hurricane that not a wrinkle or fold was in it, except for the instant, he called:

"The flag of the Sea Gull shall never be lowered except by the God of Battles! She goes down when the ship goes to the bottom, and not before."

Then, turning to the mate, he added by way of explanation:

"If those wretches will show no mercy to that flag, we want none shown us."

Mitchell nodded his head to signify that the sentiment was his own.

Through the seething mist some fifty odd men and a few women could be distinguished along the shore, dancing, shouting, and evidently viewing the impending destruction of the famous American privateer with extravagant delight. There was not a man among them but what could have given signs by which the suffering craft might have discovered and entered the passage, and saved herself and crew, and yet no one offered to do it.

Among them appeared a man, who, from his dress and manner, held a commanding position. He seemed almost wild with joy at the prospect before him, and danced and shouted to those around him, as if to avert the possibility of their giving any friendly sign that might help them.

But darkness closed rapidly about them, and the Sea Gull came nearer the frowning arches. Ever and anon the great gun of the vessel boomed out over the waters, calling again and again for succor, which no one seemed willing to give. The gunner, assisted by a couple of sailors, loaded and discharged the piece at regular intervals, although all had given up any hopes that they might have entertained a few minutes before.

Suddenly, Mitchell touched the arm of Captain Warfield, and pointed inland.

"There's somebody that's human, for he is making signals to us, although it is little good they can now do."

From the window of a large, gloomy castle, a furlong in-

land, a lantern could be seen waving to and fro, and then describing singular circles and gyrations in the air.

"Whoever he is, he is in earnest!" remarked Captain Warfield. "Would to God we could understand what he means."

A faint shout from Terrence O'Toole reached their ears, and, through the darkness and mist, they could see that he had taken the helm, and that at least he had some idea of the meaning of the signals, if he did not fully comprehend them.

The "Sea Gull" was a noble little vessel, and she struggled like a thing of life under the controlling helm. She was yet several cables' length from the roaring breakers, from which she seemed to shrink back with an instinctive dread.

But now she darted along like an arrow, turning so nearly broadside to the waves that it seemed that each one would swamp her; but Terrence O'Toole was a skilful navigator, and he knew just what the little craft would do. She seemed to leap like a panther from the curling crest of one wave, across the yawning chasm to the top of another. An ordinary vessel would have been swamped the instant her bow was turned.

The signal gun was now silent. The gunner and the men, the captain and officers, all held their breath, and watched the result of O'Toole's manœuvre. Every man on board was a skillful seaman, and had gone through tempest and battle many a time before; but there was something in the present scene which surpassed all others in its dizzying interest.

It was as if the jagged breakers were under their very bows, and they were gliding by them with lightning rapidity, conscious that but a touch of these knife-like projections was sufficient to rip the hull from stem to stern and drop every soul of them into the cauldron below; and they held their breath, expecting each moment to feel the grating and grumble, which would give them a second's warning.

But still they heard it not, until it appeared as if they were really upon the breakers and gliding over their crests.

All knew that Terence O'Toole had gained a clue to the meaning of the friendly lantern swung from the window of the castle. He had either read its intent, or it had seemed to refresh his memory as to the location of the passage which they hoped would lead them to safety; for he was now guiding the craft with a skill and certainty which showed there was no longer any doubt in his mind. It only remained to see whether his knowledge had reached him too late.

Those standing upon shore saw a thrilling scene. The roar of the breakers, the howling of the hurricane, the appalling tumult of the tempest-driven waves were sounds enough to awe the stoutest heart. Then, through the gathering darkness, they had been able to see the flash of the cannon, followed by the quick booming report, showing how close the struggling vessel was to her danger. They now saw her, like some frightened sea bird, skimming along on the edge of the breakers, as though she had discovered the nest where she might repose from this tumult and peril.

But yet, neither the captain or crew saw the welcome opening, for which they knew the pilot was searching.

"God help us! this cannot last long!" exclaimed Captain Warfield, "I have been expecting her bottom to thump up on the rocks every minute."

"And she will do it in a few seconds."

"How nobly she rides the waves!" shouted the officer, his heart filling with admiration even in that dreadful moment, at the performance of his vessel. "There is no other vessel on the Atlantic which would not have gone to the bottom long ago."

"Did you see these wretches on shoreumping and dancing at the prospect of our going to the bottom?"

"Yes; I noticed them."

"Why not let gunner Jones give them a shot or two by way of compliment for their brutality?"

"We will pay them our respects, if we are ever given the opportunity—but we haven't time to think of it now——"

"Helloa!"

And the next instant, the Sea Gull shot through an open passage into comparatively clear water of great depth, and was safe!

Thank God! the Sea Gull was saved!

CHAPTER II.

THE ESCAPE.

The rescue of the Sea Gull was so sudden, that for a moment it struck the crew as if it were a miracle, and they held their breath and were silent; but, as they comprehended the means by which their miraculous deliverance had been wrought, their hearts overflowed with gratitude, and they burst into cheers.

With all of Captain Warfield's dashing bravery and reckless disregard of danger, he was a devout and God-fearing man, whose lips were never sullied by an oath or obscene word. The inky darkness was too great for the men to recognize each other, but, commanding silence, he sank upon the deck, and, with the hurricane whistling through the rigging, returned thanks to Him who had so signally preserved them.

The anchor had been let go, and the gallant little ship was riding easily and safely in her harbor, as though she had not been hovering on the border of death for the last hour. The sunbrowned and grizzled sailors passed to and fro, shaking each other by the hand, half laughing and half crying in their joy.

The Sea Gull lay within two hundred yards of a hostile coast, the inhabitants of which well knew her character, and were anxious for the destruction of her crew. Captain Warfield, well aware of this, doubled the watch, and gave orders that if anything suspicious were observed on shore, he should be called. He had scarcely closed his eyes for ten minutes during the last twenty-four hours, and in the

perilous situation in which the *Sea Gull* lay, he was sensible of the need of a sharp eye and a clear head.

Mitchell, the first mate, remained above, pacing the deck, and keeping a bright lookout to leeward. Lights could be distinguished passing back and forth, as though the people were plotting mischief, and it was not long before the officer became satisfied that they had designs upon her. Still he hesitated to call Captain Warfield, for he was well aware of the great need he had for rest, and he was confident of his own ability to encounter any peril which might threaten the privateer.

As if disappointed at the escape of their prey, the wind now fell, and the storm abated rapidly. The roar of the breakers, during calm weather, was great, and it was now overpowering, making it necessary to shout, even when the mouth was placed to the ear. The fine rain, which, driven by the hurricane, cut with almost the keenness of hail-stones, had now ceased, and it was tolerable on the deck of the *Sea Gull*.

From the window of the castle where he had swung the friendly lantern, it could be seen glimmering, until the one who held it was assured of the safety of the distressed privateer, when it was withdrawn, as if fearful of being seen by unfriendly eyes. The mate was still scrutinizing the signs upon shore, when the pilot, Terence O'Toole, appeared at his elbow.

"Begorra! but those spalpeens are up to some deviltry," said the latter, "be the towkens of the lights which you can see dancing hither an' yonder."

"I'm afraid so, but I don't see as they can offer us much harm, for, if they undertake any of their tricks, we'll give them a broadside that will teach them manners, and give them an idea of the mettle of the *Sea Gull* at the same time."

"Spoken afther me own heart; but do yees mind there's an oul' English Lord, that they call Falkland, that lives in yon castle, an' he hates an American as bad as he hates an Irishman, an', be me sowl, he hates each one worse nor the other."

"But the signal which saved us came from his window."

"But no from him—for he it was that has been dodging along shore, taking mighty good care to see that none of the folks raised their hands to show us which way to go."

"Who could that have been, then, that took the trouble to warn us?"

Terence O'Toole seemed to enjoy very much the reply which he made.

"I think it's his *daater*!"

"Are you in earnest?" demanded the mate, in amazement.

"Av coorse I am! Niver mor in airnest in all me life."

"How were you able to understand her signal so well?"

"That's a sacret which I am not at liberty to reveal at prisent, as the pris'ner said when the judge axed him how the silver spoons come in his pocket."

The mate concluded that the Irishman had taken leave of his senses. The idea of there being any secret between him and Lord Falmouth's daughter, was a stretch of imagination of which even a democratic American was not capable. But Terence was indeed in earnest, and added that the time might come very soon when he could tell a true but wonderful story, but that time, he said, was not "at present."

"I must tell the captain that there are some strange secrets between Terence O'Toole and Lord Falmouth's only daughter and heir," bawled Mitchell. "That may be the explanation of these lights dancing here and there."

The pilot made no answer to this bandiage, for by this time the sights upon shore again absorbed their attention. The wind had greatly abated, and the Sea Gull lay almost motionless.

"I believe they are going to send a boat out to take us," said the mate, after watching them for a few moments. "But it can't be they're such fools."

"Arrah no; wait till they bid good-bye to their sinses. It's more the likes they're rigging up some battoney wid which they 'xpects to blow us to Davy Jones' locker."

"Terence," said Mitchell, a few minutes later, "we must find out what's going on there. Suppose you call a couple of men, lower the boat, and take a look at matters on shore."

"The idea exactly, as the cobbler said when the pedler showed him the nate sthyle in which he could kill his wife without giving her time to squaal."

The prospect of a row was the most pleasant likelihood that the Irishman could have, and he hastened away to call two particular friends of his. A few moments later, they appeared upon deck, and a boat was lowered with a skill and quietude which would have insured safety against detection, had not the breakers made all such precaution necessary.

Trough the still water, the men pulled several hundred yards parallel with the shore, when they touched land at a very rocky point, where they could see and hear no one, and where they felt safe against discovery.

"Now," said Terence, who took upon himself the duty of captain and director, "we must go aisy; for, if they once s'pects that we're on land, they'll make the quarters too hot to bould us. Aisy now, an' do yees allow meself to take the lead." 137

Terence was not unworthy to be a leader, for he advanced with great prudence and caution, frequently pausing and gazing in different directions, to make sure that no one was stealthily following him. The lights continued to dance and flicker in a manner which showed the people were very busy at something, and perhaps so much absorbed in their work as to make it an easy matter to approach them.

Still advancing, they soon reached a point where they could distinguish figures moving hither and thither, as if they were carrying something. Prompted by his great curiosity, Terence still approached step by step until the whole mystery was explained. His supposition, uttered partly in jest, proved to be correct. They were as busy as beavers constructing a battery. Two large cannon were already in position, and they were hedging themselves

around with stone, so as to make it safe for them to shelter their bodies behind, while they touched off the charge which was to blow the audacious privateer out of the water.

A sudden whim now entered the Irishman's head.

"Let us separate like, an' come in among them chaps, an' they'll niver notice but what we's one ov them. What do yees say, boys?"

The two concluded that it was rather too much risk to run, and concluded they would withdraw while there was yet time. Accordingly they made their way back to the boat, first promising the pilot that they would wait for his return.

As they disappeared in one direction, the venturesome Irishman advanced in another. Striking his foot against a goodly-sized boulder, he stooped down and lifted it from the ground.

"I may as well help them build that same batt'ery!" he muttered, as he trudged along with his burden.

Never once did he hesitate; but, advancing quietly among the men, he managed to let the stone fall in such a manner that it struck the foot of a puffy Englishman, who was toiling and sweating in his patriotic work.

"Hoh! my 'eavens! Him killed!" groaned the unfortunate Johnny Bull, as he grasped his foot in both hands, and began petting it as if it were a sick baby.

"Hi beggs pardon!" said Terence, twisting his articulation, so that it should resemble that of the man whose foot he had given such a thorough crushing. The man was groaning and suffering too severely to notice his brogue, and, as Terence stumbled away, he chuckled to himself: "Be the token of that same fat, Mr. O'Toole is of the opinion that you won't be quite so frisky on your legs just at present. Begorrah! if I can but git the chance at Mr. Lord Falkland, won't I make him squaal!"

The Irishman found himself correct in his supposition regarding the Englishman. He it was who was passing to and fro, giving directions and superintending the work generally. He seemed to feel a malignant spite toward the

American, and greatly enraged that she should have escaped destruction from the breakers, he was determined to secure her ruin where she lay at anchor. The two cannon were his own, which he had had dragged from his dwelling down to the shore during the darkness, where they had been mounted; and, as we have already stated, they were busy erecting a support and shelter for themselves.

"Work lively, men!" he called, "and when daylight comes, we will send this Yankee pirate to the bottom of the ocean. What the blazes, man! can't you keep out of the way?"

Just at that moment, Terence O'Toole had managed to stumble directly across Lord Falmouth's path, in such a manner as to precipitate his highness over him. The gentleman swore roundly as he picked himself up, while the Irishman managed to slink away and hide himself among the others, where he was not likely to attract special attention.

"Pity I didn't break your neck for yees!" angrily soliloquized Terence, at the ill success of his scheme. "Hould still an' I'll git another chance at yees."

The work proceeded apace. There were something over a dozen men hard at work, while a number held lanterns, and acted as aids-de-camp in carrying out the directions of their ruler, Lord Falmouth.

Terence soon saw that he had been absorbed into the general company without attracting attention, and he therefore became more daring and reckless than he otherwise would have been. It was not long before another man uttered a yell, and proclaimed that his foot had been "smashed," but quickly lost sight of the wight who did it.

But the Irishman had not yet accomplished the great object which had brought him hither. Despite the seeming madness of the English in erecting this battery, he was well aware that each of those ugly cannon contained a huge ball within, which, if properly directed, might play the very mischief with the "Sea Gull." He had several spikes with him, as he invariably carried them when engaged upon a

reconnoitering expedition, and it was his intention, formed the moment he discovered what his enemies were doing, to spike both the cannon.

But this was a matter of exceeding difficulty, requiring a delicate hand, and a clear head, and prompt action. As the men were continually passing to and fro, he managed to get nigh one of the pieces.

"What are you doing there?" demanded one of the men, who, with a companion, seemed to have special charge of the guns.

"What do you s'pose I'm doin'?" he replied, "doin' more than yees are. I'm to work, while yees are shirkin' it."

The man turned and looked at Terence, as if something in his manner aroused his suspicions, but he said nothing more, and Terence concluded it best quietly to withdraw among the others.

Realizing, however, the value of time, O'Toole raised a large stone, which he carried to the cannon, and threw it down near it, with the intention of clapping his spike into the touch-hole; but when he drew the iron forth, there were too many eyes fixed upon him, and he again retired.

"Begorrah! I'm afeerd they're beginning to suspect me," was the reflection of Terence, as he walked moodily back. "But the Sea Gull doesn't see Terence O'Toole till he throws them bull dogs out of gear."

The opportunity came at last, and, with a quick, dexterous movement, he drove the spike home, and rendered one piece entirely useless; but he was unable to do the same thing with the other.

"There you are again!" exclaimed the same man who had first addressed him. "I'd like to know what you are driving at."

And he strode angrily forward to assure himself of the object of the officious intermeddler.

CHAPTER III.

SPIKING OF THE GUNS.

The angry Briton hurried to the cannon, and began an examination to assure himself as to what the persistent meddler was striving to do. He raised a lantern in his hand, and inspected every portion of the piece; but he evidently had no suspicion of the real intention of the Irishman, for he quickly lowered the light, and said:

"See here, man, I'm cannonier, and have got charge of these guns. If you think you can aim them any better, s'pose you ask Lord Falmouth, and he'll let you do it."

Terence made no reply, for he found it too difficult a matter to give his voice the true British accent. It was only when he carefully deliberated upon his words beforehand that he dared trust himself to uttering them. So, as he had already done several times, he mingled in with the shifting throng around him.

By this time the preparations were about completed, and Lord Falmouth called out:

"Are you all ready men? Keep out the way, boys; Jerry and Tom, be sure that you get that sighted right; it won't do to miss the dogs, for they'll give us a broadside before we can load again."

"Aye aye," was the response, as Jerry and Tom, filled with the importance of their office, bristled hither and thither with all the pomp, as if they were superintending the launching of a Seventy-Four.

Terence O'Toole began to grow uneasy. That huge-throated cannon, guided by the lights upon the Sea Gull, was bearing directly upon it, and its ball was likely to go through her hull, or over her decks, with every probability

of slaying several of the men on board. The pilot felt that the shot must be prevented at all hazards, no matter how great the risk incurred in doing so.

"Are you ready?" again inquired Lord Falmouth.

"Aye, aye—but hold!" exclaimed Jerry, "I'm not quite sure of the bearings of this gun."

"Make yourself sure, then," replied the noble gentleman, who evidently had little skill as an artillerist, "be quick about it, or those Yankee dogs will begin to suspect that we are up to something. Work lively, boys."

"Some of you give us a lift here."

Several sprang forward, and among them Terence O'Toole.

"What is it ye wants?" said the latter, quite excited and anxious.

"Just help give t' stern of this a lift, as I think the ball will be apt to go over her deck the way it now stands."

The men set down their lanterns, and did as requested. It required but a moment, and, when finished, the Irishman reached over, brushed away the powder, and, inserting the spike, struck it such a heavy blow as to send it "home."

Strange to say, but one of the men noticed the action, and he was so obtuse as not to suspect its intent.

"What are you trying to do, man?" he demanded. "I don't exactly like——"

"Are you ready, Jerry?" came the stentorian voice of Lord Falmouth.

"All ready, sir!"

"Then touch her off!"

The men around fell back, while Jerry, with his lighted torch, advanced, and carefully touched the powder of each in quick succession. "Sh—s—m'iz—sh!" The powder flared up, but no booming report followed.

"What's the matter?" angrily asked Lord Falmouth, much irritated at the failure.

"I'll be hanged if I know," was the reply. "It's mig' ty queer that both guns should miss; but bring a lantern, and let us clear out the touch-hole."

The request was granted, and the next moment was heard the startling exclamation :

"The guns are spiked! the guns are spiked!"

"I seen the man do it!" called out another. "He is here among us."

As might have been expected, Terence O'Toole, instead of effecting his escape the moment he had disabled the cannon, remained to witness the discomfiture of his enemies. Feeling that discovery was now unavoidable, he began edging down the beach until he could reach a point where it would be safe to break into a run.

"It seems we have visitors!" called out Lord Falmouth. "some infernal rebel is among us. Hunt him out!"

"There he goes!" shouted another man, observing the suspicious actions of the Irishman.

The Irish man had still strong hopes of getting away unobserved, but the last exclamation, accompanied by a rush toward him, showed that this was impossible, and he immediately broke into a run down the beach, followed by half a dozen men.

A man who has spent the greater portion of his life on ship-board, is not apt to be very fleet of foot, and Terence was not long in learning that his speed was no match for that of his pursuers; but, if an Irishman cannot run, he can fight; and, as the nearest pursuer laid his hand upon the shoulder of the fugitive, the latter turned and struck him a blow that laid him flat on his back.

This was a temporary relief, and Terence sprang away again with all the speed of which he was capable; but a man cannot become an antelope in speed without previous training, and it was not long before his pursuers were up to him again.

"Knock him down!"

"Shoot him!"

"Hit him with a stone!"

Such and similar were the exclamations of the pursuers, who had every reason to be as infuriated as it is possible for men to become, at the insult which the fugitive had added to the injury inflicted by himself.

Terence had recourse to the same proceeding which had so materially benefited him before, and, turning quickly on his heel, he laid his nearest pursuer flat, and then resumed his flight, hoping to be able to reach the boat where his friends were awaiting him, in time to insure his escape; but, unfortunately, in the darkness, he struck his foot against a stone, and was thrown headlong to the ground. Ere he could rise, a half dozen were upon him, and when he did regain his feet, he was an inextricable prisoner.

"Aisy now!" he said, "I'm a pris'ner of war, an' surrender on them conditions."

"You don't surrender on any conditions at all," said one of his captors. "Such men as you, deserve quartering and hanging."

"If these same spalpeens will let go, yees may try it," said Terence.

"Ah! you are an Irishman, are you!" spoke another through his gnashing teeth, as if this was a being whom he hated above all others.

"Ould Ireland, the Gim of the Saa, has the honor of being the birth-place of Mr. Terence O'Toole at your sarvice, sir."

"Yankees and Irish are a set of vipers," hissed the Englishman.

"If yees'll do me the favor to step aside, we'll attend to the imps," retorted Terence, fairly enraged.

But the captors had little disposition to heed the boasting of their prisoner, but, carefully surrounding him, so as to prevent all possibility of his escape, they moved backward to where the infuriated Lord Falmouth was awaiting them.

"What does this mean?" demanded the latter, quivering with rage.

"It means that here's the man that spiked the two cannon, knocked down our men, and now tells us we may all go to blazes for what he cares."

There are times when language is inadequate to express our emotions. A man may become fairly choked with rage, and can only glare and think his passion. Something sim-

ilar was the dilemma of Lord Falmouth. He had counted so confidently upon seeing the privateer dashed to pieces upon the breakers, that the disappointment was only rendered bearable by his preparations for taking her fore and aft; but now, when the very second had arrived for doing this audacious "pirate," his patriotic revenge had been snatched from his hands by this Irishman, who defied him to his face.

It would have been a pleasure for the noble gentleman to have drawn his sword and run him through on the spot; but his sober, second thought told him that such a proceeding would be hardly safe, as it could not fail to reach the ears of both his own government and that of the Americans, who might take it into their heads to adopt an unpleasant means of retaliation—a thing which, in all probability, would fall upon his own head, as he was not forgetful of the important fact that his own castle was in range of the Sea Gull's terrible broadsides. So he restrained his wrath until a fitting opportunity occurred to vent it.

Terence O'Toole strode defiantly up to where the English lord awaited, and, surrounded by his vigilant guards, awaited the pleasure of his captor.

"What is your name?" asked the latter, as a lantern was held up to the prisoner's face.

"Terence O Toole, Esquire, please your majesty."

"Where do you belong?"

"I'm pilot, when we're in these waters, for the American privateer 'Sea Gull'."

"American *pirate*, you should say. *Terence O Toole*, you say is your name?"

"Yes, sir."

"It seems to me I've heard that name before," repeated Lord Falmouth, half to himself. "but never mind, I may be sure it was in no creditable business."

"No sir; it's meself that doesn't s'pose ye hears or knows anything of any business that is creditable, wishin' yer honor good luck."

"None of your impudence, you rebel dog; you and all the rebel crew ought to go down on your knees, and beg

foriveness of King George, the best monarch that rules a realm."

"Yas, sir; p'raps we'll do it one of these days. When we does, ye'll please be there to observe us."

"How came you ashore from your vessel?"

"In a boat."

"For what purpose?"

"To find out what you were driving at, an' if nads be, to spike yer guns—which I b'lave I succeeded in doing, with all respect to yerself."

"Are you the only one of your crew who is on land?"

"I b'lave I is, though there were two spalpeens that came wid me, an' that have gone back again. I was in hopes that they would make their appearance," said Terence, looking around him, as if he were expecting them.

"You wish company, do you?"

"Yes; I was thinking if t'en two spalpeens would only happen along jist now, how we'd make ye cowards scamper an' run for life."

"Umph! we shall be very glad to see them, indeed. I only wish we had a chance for a set to with your whole crew."

"There they be," was the reply of Terence, as he pointed out where the Sea Gull lay, "an' Captain Warfield will be mighty glad to accommodate yees. If yees wishes to go out there in a boat, it will afford me illegant playsure to pilot you out."

But Lord Falmouth seemed hardly inclined to accept this gracious offer. He was anxious to procure a little more information from the prisoner before he was led away, so he proceeded:

"How many guns have you on the Sea Gull?"

"Enough to kaap all Great Britain half scared to death."

"You are pleased to try to be witty; it's a pity you cannot succeed. Have you had any battles lately?"

"None worth the telling—sunk siveral frigates an' men-of-war, an' chased a few others up the Thames—nothing worth the telling."

"How many men have you?"

"There I'll have to ax yees to take the trouble to count for yerself, as, no doubt, yees would hardly credit me statement."

"But I insist that you give——"

How much longer this pointless questioning and answering would have lasted, it is impossible to tell, had not, at this moment, a flare of fire spouted from the stern of the Sea Gull, while a nine-pounder struck the wall, scattering the stones in every direction, knocking a half dozen men over, and frightening the others out of their wits.

Among the latter was Lord Falmouth, who was struck in the face by a chunk of stone, with such force that he turned a half dozen back suminersets, and, quickly scrambling to his feet, he set out on a full run toward the castle, shouting :

"Murder ! murder ! The Yankees are coming ! the Yankees are coming !"

The others were not slow in imitating him, and the place was speedily cleared of all save Terence O'Toole, who, chuckling at the success of the shot, ran rapidly down the beach until he came in sight of the boat containing his two friends. A few words were exchanged, and then understanding each other, he sprang into the boat, and was rowed off to the Sea Gull.

A few hours later, when the sun rose, the man who went to the mast-head, reported a sail to the northward toward the Welsh coast. Captain Warfield waited until certain that it was a heavy British frigate, evidently in pursuit of him, when he carefully glided through the passage, and, turning his bow to the southwest, sailed boldly out into St. George's Channel.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CRUISE OF THE SEA GULL.

The superior sailing qualities of the Sea Gull soon caused the rising hull of the British frigate to sink again beneath the ocean, while the privateer stood straight out to sea, until not a sail was visible, and she could feel once more that she was safe and free to do as she pleased.

The Sea Gull was frigate built, and carried eighteen sixes on her main deck; she had been pierced in addition for eight guns above, but Captain Warfield rejected the additional armament. The crew was ample, and consisted chiefly of old salts from Nantucket and the Bay, ready for any deed of daring, and at home nowhere so well as upon the sea.

Three days after her remarkable escape from shipwreck, the privateer came up with a vessel bound to Ireland, laden with flax seed. She was captured, when the fearless cruiser hauled her courses, and again stood toward St. George's Channel. Nothing was seen until off Dublin, when a sail was made from the mast-head, to which chase was immediately given. She was overtaken, when she was discovered to be a ship from London.

The Sea Gull now ran away for Whitehaven, it being her intention to make a descent on that place, and burn the shipping collected there. This was a daring enterprise, which few crews would have dared to attempt; but Captain Warfield and his men were eager to strike some blow against the hated Britons that would be sure to tell, and they could devise none so certain as this. As it was, they would have declined to make the attempt had it not been for the fact that Terence O'Toole was perfectly familiar with every shoal and channel of the coast, he having more than once sailed in and out the harbor, and no other

pilot therefore was needed to direct the Americans against their prey. Four days later, just as darkness was settling upon the ocean, they came in sight of the port.

Every preparation was at once made for a descent upon the place. The ship was kept on her course until close in toward the harbor, the men armed, ammunition served, and the boats about to be launched, when, at this critical moment, the wind, which had died away nearly to a calm, suddenly shifted, and began blowing toward shore. They waited an hour or so, in the hopes that it would again fall, but it increased each moment in violence, and blew directly upon shore. The orders to embark were instantly countermanded, and Captain Warfield, leaping into the mizzen rigging, gazed earnestly to windward.

By this time it was inky dark. Close in before the Sea Gull lay the town, with the lights on the shipping glimmering along the water, and the radiance from the houses further back, illuminating the horizon in that quarter with a thin, white halo. Captain Warfield first cast a glance shoreward, and then turned toward the sea.

Here everything was wrapped in obscurity. The heavens were dark with compact clouds, which hung down close over the water, with a wild and threatening appearance. Not a star was visible, except one right overhead, which burned solitary and with intense brilliancy, amid the black, Cimmerian darkness. The long, heaving swell of the ocean was beginning to ripple and comb; and flashes of foam continually whitened in the gloom astern, and as instantly vanished—a sure prognostic that a storm that would make our masts creak was brewing.

“Black as a wolf’s mouth!” said Captain Warfield leaping down from the mizzen rigging; and, elevating his voice, he thundered:

“Call all hands to make sail!”

The boats again stepped to the hatchway, sounded his silver whistle, and sung out:

“All hands make sail, ahoy!”

As he uttered the call in a clear, ringing voice, that went far out over the dark sea, he did it with a peculiar pro-

longed intonation and a twang characteristic of that officer. Instantly the crew were all alive, darting hither and thither with the agility of monkeys obeying the call of some favorite master.

The topmen sprang to their places, and then came the order of the officer of the deck:

"Board the fore and maintack! Sheet home fore and maintopsail. All hands merrily!"

Sail was soon made, and Captain Warfield watched the proceedings with intense interest. When the ship came to her course at first, the force of the wind was such as to bend her masts like whip stalks, careening her far over; while at that instant, striking a head-sea full, she flung the water back over her bows, and up almost to the foretop.

"She battles it well," said Captain Warfield, "but she'll have need of all her strength before this blow is over, for the wind is not going to come in flaws, like a cat spits, but in a regular great gun and marlinspike gale. I've seen them before on this coast, and we shall have to give up our scheme at present, and claw off the shore as fast as we can!"

He watched the behavior of his vessel awhile with the eye of a true sailor, and soon added:

"If there is any vessel which can stand a hurricane, it is the Sea Gull. There are few crafts on salt water that can beat her, but we are going to have a storm that will try her."

The prediction of Captain Warfield proved correct. The wind increased until the gale was fearful, and would have terrified a landsman. But the Sea Gull struggled gallantly, although with great difficulty, often plunging bows under, and quivering threateningly in every timber before she recovered herself.

Several times it looked as if her shrouls would part, or her spars be jerked out bodily, but everything held tight, and the vessel held gallantly on her course, plunging through the heaving waves like a frightened dolphin.

As the Sea Gull was thus eating her way into the wind, she had a hair-breadth escape from a fearful catastrophe.

From out the black darkness, a great ship suddenly emerged, proceeding with the speed of a courser upon the opposite tack. Very fortunately the Sea Gull passed a few fathoms to the starboard; but a more impressive sight could not be imagined; for, rising up on the wave before them, her bowsprit and chains dripping with brine, she hung an instant impending overhead, and then shot down toward the privateer with the speed of the wind.

For a second Captain Warfield held his breath, for it was as if the Dark Angel had poised itself above their heads preparatory to its final swoop, and the most experienced seaman could not view entirely unmoved such a scene. There are many thrilling sights common to those who "go down to the sea in ships," to which landmen are strangers, and which cannot fail to give all an impressive knowledge of the grandeur of the ocean, and of the power of the great Being who holds the winds and the waves in the hollow of his hand.

For a second a collision looked unavoidable but as the suppressed shriek of horror was upon the lips, the stranger whirled by to the starboard, and vanished like a phantom in the impenetrable gloom.

The Sea Gull continued her course during the night, and when morning dawned, Captain Warfield found that they were still close into the coast, but a considerable distance from Whitehaven. Disguising the ship as a merchantman, the officer kept on, looking into the bays and roadsteads as he proceeded, and capturing several craft most of which were sunk, to prevent discovery. One cutter was chased into the Clyde as far up as the rock of Ailsa but the fugitive succeeded in effecting her escape.

Several days had now elapsed, but the wind had not materially abated since the night they had made sail from Whitehaven. Terence O'Toole, who was more at home than Captain Warfield was in these waters, announced that they were off Carrickfergus.

Early in the forenoon, a ship was perceived at anchor in the road, and Captain Warfield, after some sharp and brief manoeuvring, ran alongside of a fishing boat, and made

prisoners of the crew before they were aware of their danger. The captain was a short, puffy little fellow, so terrified when he found himself in the power of the dreadful Yankee, that he could hardly find words to speak. When at length he succeeded in doing so, he hastened to avow that he was neutral, and to express his fervent wishes that the Colonies would succeed in establishing their independence.

"Shut up your mouth, you lubber!" called out Captain Warfield, "and tell us what vessel that is lying in the road."

"Yes sir, I will do so, sir; but I am a man with eleven small children, and they and their mother will break their hearts if their affectionate parent doesn't come home this evening."

"Answer us truthfully, and we will cause you no harm."

"Just so, sir; but fish brings a good price on shore, an' it's the only way I 'ave of making a living, an' I 'opes you'll be so kind as not to take 'em, or if you does, I 'opes you'll pay the market price for 'em. You are very brave men, an' I make no doubt that you 'ave plenty money, an' you could buy half my fish, an' never feel the cost."

"To the mischief with your fish; we want none of them. Why don't you answer my question, and tell me what vessel that is?"

"Yes, an' that's just what I was going to tell you when you interrupted me—but you will not fail to let us go ashore as soon as possible?"

"I will not let you go ashore at all, if you delay answering any longer."

"Yes; I will tell you."

"Then, let's have it; go ahead!"

"It is the vessel Drake, Captain Melville, of the Royal Navy."

"Do you know how many guns she mounts?"

"O! yes—I was just going to tell you."

"Be quick about it."

"Twenty guns—I counted 'em myself when we sailed

around the vessel. She's a big one, but such brave men as you can lick 'em."

"Of course we can," laughed Captain Warfield, turning to Mitchell and O'Toole. "That's why we came in o these waters, isn't it, men?"

"I s'pects that might be the reason," replied the pilot.

"And now you will let us go?" plead the fisherman.

"Not exactly—not quite yet. We shall not harm you or your boat, but we haven't quite faith enough to trust you on shore, when you may run straight to Captain Melville, and tell him what we propose doing——"

"O! I wouldn't think of such a thing!" began the fisherman, in pleading tones, and with every appearance of terror.

"Keep still, my good fellow, and it will be better for you."

The man continued his entreaties, but Captain Warfield ordered him sternly to keep still, and he finally concluded to take the advice. It would have been the height of impudence for the privateer to have allowed the fisherman and his hands to go, when there could not be a doubt but what they would have hastened to the imperilled Dale, revealed her peril, and compelled the Sea Gull to make all haste from these waters to save herself from falling into the grasp of some of the powerful cruisers.

The resolution of Captain Warfield was instantly taken. He ordered the prisoners to be guarded, to prevent all possibility of their escape, when he revealed his plan.

As soon as night had come, the Sea Gull stood in toward the harbor. The wind was favorable, and blew a stiff breeze, so that she soon ran to her appointed station. The darkness, however, was so great, that they could not see the foe, and were obliged to rely upon their judgment. The intention of the Americans was to lay the enemy athwart his way, grapple him, and then trust to their guns, and their own bravery; but when they came up at what they believed to be the required point, their anchor hung; and they found themselves, after reconnoitering, at least half a cable's length distance from the Drake, on her quar-

ter. No sooner did the skipper discover this, than he saw the impossibility of success while he maintained his present position. Accordingly he ordered the cable to be cut; the ship's head was cast to the windward, and they began to beat out to sea, with the resolve to make a new attempt as soon as they could get room enough to wear.

The utmost silence up to this moment had prevailed on the part of the enemy. No gun had been fired, no rocket sent into the sky, not even a hail had come down, demanding who and what the stranger was. Now that the gloom had lifted a little, the faint outline of the foe could be seen, but he slumbered silent and motionless in the water, rather resembling a shadowy vessel than a man-of-war.

And now again the wind made a sudden shift, blowing as before, directly on shore, and compelling the Sea Gull to haul off, much to the vexation of Captain Warfield and his crew, who had counted confidently upon inflicting a severe blow upon the enemy. It was White-raven repeated.

"There is no use of attempting the fellow again to-night," said the skipper, "Old Ned appears to be helping the enemy, for this is the second time we have been foiled by the gale. Keep her to it then—we shall have to stand over to Scotland to get a lee."

When morning dawned, the first object that met the eyes of the Americans, was the gray hills of Scotland, rising in mist and shadow ahead.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE.

The wind continued fresh through the night, and Captain Warfield finally gave over his intention of attacking the Drake, and set his fishermen free, that they might make the best of their luck. Before they went, however, the proprietor of the smack, in his terror and anxiety to conciliate the dreadful American privateers, revealed a startling piece of news.

A British corvette, carrying eighteen guns, and with two richly-laden East Indiamen, were hourly expected in port. As they had not yet arrived, and nothing was seen of them, there were strong hopes that they might be intercepted, and a lively fight insured, with the tempting prospect of plenty of rich booty. Accordingly, the Sea Gull stood out to sea, taking a course which was almost certain to bring her across the bows of her prey. It was Captain Warfield's desire to meet her so far away from the British coast that there was little cause to fear interruption during the engagement, and in this wish he was gratified.

On the second day out, came the thrilling cry from the mast-head:

"SAIL HO!"

"Where away?" demanded Captain Warfield, leaping into the mizzen rigging.

"On the larboard bow!"

The captain hurried into the top, and when he had scanned the approaching sail, he ordered that the Sea Gull should be kept away to the westward, which gave us the full force of the wind.

Terence O'Toole, who had obtained quite a celebrity on board the Sea Gull for his keenness of vision, was now sent aloft to see what he could make of the stranger. He disclaimed the use of the telescope which was offered him, declaring that he had no need of it.

A few minutes later came the second call:

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?"

"On the larboard bow."

Scarcely ten minutes elapsed when the joyful call was repeated:

"Where away?"

"On the larboard bow, right behind the others."

No doubt could now remain of the identity of the approaching craft. They were the corvette and Indiamen for whom we were searching, and a battle was certain. Every man was excited and jubilant. Besides the thrilling prospect of a deadly encounter, there was the ever power-

ful and welcome inducement—the prospect of prize money.

It was not long before the corvette discovered the *Sea Gull*, and scented danger. Wearing as rapidly as possible, they turned completely round and took the opposite tack, in the hope of escaping by superior speed. It was not that she feared the American, but that she was fearful of losing the merchantmen she had in convoy. They were too valuable to their owners for her to run any unnecessary risk of losing them, and so she chose for the present to show her heels.

The manœuver of the Britons lost them a great deal of valuable time, and by the time the chase had fairly begun, their hulls had risen above the water, and neither crew was in doubt regarding the identity of the other. It was not yet noon, and Captain Warfield, fully sensible of the superior sailing qualities of his vessel, had strong hopes of overtaking them by the middle of the afternoon.

It was not much past noon when the men in the foretop were able to count the guns of the corvette. They were found to be eighteen in number, and on her quarters were the two Indiamen of which we have spoken. An hour later, the sloop-of-war signalled to the merchantmen, at the same time rising her courses, and coming up to the wind on the starboard tack with her maintopsail aback.

The *Sea Gull* now gained rapidly on her enemy, which, finding that flight was unavoidable, awaited her with all the cool bravery characteristic of a trained crew. A half hour later, the privateer hauled up her courses, and the *Star Spangled Banner* was given to the breeze. The next moment the blood-red cross of St. George swept out upon the wind, while a puff of smoke spouted from one of her bow-ports, and a solid shot ploughed the water under the starboard quarter of the *Sea Gull*.

“Clear the deck for action!” was the soul-inspiring order which now ran along the deck of the American privateer. The seamen were called to their quarters, the hatches were covered fore and aft, and every man who had been in action so often before, took his station as unhesitatingly as if he had received positive orders to do so.

The corvette was braced upon the starboard tack, with her maintopsail to the mast, while the Sea Gull was sailing straight at her. But when an easy range was reached, she braced up upon the same course, so that the two enemies lay nearly parallel with each other, and each waiting for the grim drama to open.

It was very plain that the Englishman was not a rail of the Yankee, but was only waiting until the proper moment to open the fight. Nor did the enemy wait to receive the first shot, for while the Sea Gull was gradually forcing ahead, a long volume of smoke rolled out from the port-holes of the Briton, accompanied at the same time by a red stream of flame, and the broadside whistled almost harmlessly through the rigging of the privateer.

The battle had now begun, and the order was passed to return the fire, and to give the Britisher all that it was possible to give. Just at the moment when the Sea Gull was in the proper position, the broadside belched forth, and the terrible hail storm went crashing over the deck of the corvette with an effect told too plainly by the heart-curdling shrieks which came back across the water.

Now began a series of manœuvres very brilliant and bewildering to a landsman, and which would be tedious and unnecessary to explain. The fact was patent that both vessels were noble craft, and that the commander of each was an adept in the most difficult feats of seamanship. Sometimes ten and fifteen minutes passed without firing a shot, as they both were tacking and backing in order to gain a certain position.

All this time the Indiamen were flying away, as if anxious to secure their own safety; but Captain Warlock felt no anxiety, as they were lumbering craft, while he was confident of being able to overtake without trouble. His duty was first to attend to the corvette—to vanquish the master of the treasure, after which it was time to despoil their booty.

The returning broadside of the corvette struck the Sea Gull; and as it crashed through her bulwarks, it sent the splinters in every direction, and killed three of the men,

and wounded two others; but it seemed also to inspirit the others, who worked and fought like heroes. Several rapid exchanges now took place, when Captain Warfield gave orders to run in, grapple with and board the enemy, as he was desirous of ending this work and securing the prizes before they got too far away.

The sail-trimmers attended to this duty, while the boarders girded on their cutlasses, and suspended their loaded pistols from their belts, and those whose duty it was to repel boarders were armed with pikes. The very instant the bows of the *Sea Gull* were turned toward the enemy, she gave them a broadside, to which no reply was made. A few moments later the two ships lay side by side, held fast by their grappling irons, and by the interlocking of their yards.

The eager Americans poured over the gunwales, and the hand-to-hand conflict began. The British fought bravely, but the well-aimed broadside of the *Sea Gull* had inflicted such injury that she was unable to meet her antagonist with anything like equal advantage; and, after a brief, desperate conflict, the cry for "quarter!" was raised, and the corvette surrendered!

Captain Warfield placed just enough men in the captured ship to manage her, and ordered them to make all sail for Boston with the captured crew, while he hauled off and made chase for the Indiamen, first burying his dead, and seeing that the wounded of the enemy were attended to.

But it was now quite dark, and the vessels displayed no lights, so that they speedily became invisible; but the chase was continued, so far as it was possible to continue it under such circumstances, all through the night. But the merchantmen were cunning enough to make a rapid change in their course, and when morning dawned, to the great chagrin of Captain Warfield, nothing at all was to be seen of them.

The helm was put up, and the *Sea Gull* bore to the southwest.

CHAPTER VI.

A ROMANTIC TALE OF THE SEA.

After the engagement of the *Sea Gull* with the British corvette and the capture of the two East Indiamen, Captain Warfield concluded to change his cruising ground, as there was every prospect that he would have an uncomfortable number of the enemy after him. Accordingly, he bore away toward the South Atlantic, in the expectation of coming upon some of the cruisers or merchantmen before they were aware of their danger.

As the privateer bowled along under easy sail, with a bright moon overhead, and with little or nothing for the men to do, they smoked their pipes and spun yarns. The most noted *raconteur* was Tompkins, the gunner, who could tell stories for hours at a time. He was a man of good education, and had once been a person of considerable wealth.

Years before he had been engaged in the East India trade and, tiring of the sea, had bought a small place in Central New York, where he settled down with his wife; but he had lived there but a few years when she died; and, as he had no children, he began to grow lonely and to sigh for the adventurous life which he thought he had given up forever.

About this time the Revolution broke out, and he entered on board the *Sea Gull* as gunner, he selecting this position himself, as he was a very skilful artilleryman, and had a great affection for young Captain Warfield, whom he had known from boyhood.

On one of these occasions, Tompkins being asked for a yarn, lit his pipe, and, taking an easy position, told the following singular story to his interested listeners:

"Captain Reefing Hardy had cruised around the world for a full half century," said the gunner, "and finally anchored in a quiet, sleepy little village in Central New York, where, with his wife and three children—two boys and a girl—he bought a cosy little farm, and settled down for the remainder of his life.

"It was the custom of the captain, at evening, after he had done rambling round the place, to seat himself on his front porch, where, with his East India pipe, of most curious and skilful workmanship, he would sit until far into the night, smoking and chatting with the members of his own family, or with any friends who might be calling upon or visiting him.

"My own farm adjoined Captain Harding's, and it thus happened that I was one of the first to make his acquaintance. Both of us being advanced in life, and quite inveterate smokers, we spent many a hour together, and thus became tolerably conversant with each other's life.

One evening in June, quite a number of years since, I was seated on Captain Harding's porch, and had just lit my pipe, when his wife, a weak, quiet woman, who was very taciturn in her ways, but one of the best and most affectionate of wives, came out to ask a question of him. As she turned about and passed in, I said to my friend;

"Captain, you will excuse me if I ask you a question?"

"What is it?" he demanded in his blunt way.

"I have frequently noticed your wife, and think there is a difference, although very slight, between her complexion and features, and ours. Does she belong to the Caucasian race?"

"The captain puffed awhile at his pipe, and I was beginning to fear that I had offended him when he turned his face toward me, and said:

"I will tell you something, on condition that you keep it a secret."

"As a matter of course I gave my ready promise.

"The reason I ask you is more on account of my children than anything else. You know there is a prejudice against dark-skinned people; and, although no one would

ever suspect the presence of any blood, except the pure Caucasian, in the veins of my children, yet it is mixed.'

" 'Their mother, then, is not a Caucasian?'

" 'No; she is a Malay, and when I married her, she was without exception the handsomest woman I ever saw.'

" 'She is still good looking——'

" 'Thank you; but you ought to have seen her thirty odd years ago, you wouldn't wonder that I fell in love with her, although I had a much better reason than her beauty for doing so.'

" 'You have awakened quite a curiosity in me; please give me the account of your meeting with her, and of your marriage.'

" 'It was rather singular: that is certain. It was, let me see, in 1735 that I commanded the East Indaman, Dolphin, one of the finest craft whose quarter deck I have ever trod, and she has been in the bottom of the sea for over thirty years.

" 'We were bound from England to Bombay, with a partial load of cloth for the East India market, and we had an uncommonly good run, until in the Southern Atlantic we got mixed up by a lot of contrary winds and currents, and my reckoning becoming somewhat confounded, I concluded to make a run for the island of Tristan d'Acunha, in order to rectify our calculations.

" 'Tristan d'Acunha lies off the west coast of Southern Africa, and is a rocky, precipitous island—the largest of three, the other two being Nightingale and Inaccessible Island. I had been there on two occasions before, and had quite a number of acquaintances there.

" 'It was while we were steering toward this group of islands, that one morning a passenger on board the Dolphin, who happened to be on deck earlier than usual, noticed large quantities of sea-weed floating outside. This gave me some uneasiness, and I immediately sent a man aloft with orders to keep a sharp lookout. The weather at this time was extremely hazy, though moderate. The weeds continued, and I became satisfied that we were close to land, although I could not surmise in what direction it lay.

"Sail was shortened, and I remained on deck, when the boat swain piped for breakfast. In less than fifteen minutes, the startling cry, "Breakers ahead!" rang through the ship, sending a thrill of terror through every heart, as they hurried on deck.

"*Breakers star'oard! breakers larboard! breakers all around!*" was called the next moment, and confusion seized upon all. Before the helm could be put up, the Dolphin struck, and, after a few tremendous thumps, she parted about midship.

"Ropes and stays were cut away—the panic stricken crowd poured forward, as if instinctively, and they had scarcely reached the fore-castle, when the stern and quarter deck broke asunder with a terrific crash, and was swallowed up by the angry waves. This accident took down two of our seamen—the rest, including myself, officers, passengers and crew—held on about the head and bows, for that was our only chance for life.

"At this juncture, Inaccessible Island, which had been concealed through the mist, loomed up to view, and we all comprehended our perilous situation. The wreck was fully two miles from shore, while the base of the island was still wrapped around with impenetrable mist and fog.

"In these sore straits, I counselled with my officers as to the best course to pursue. One advised cutting away the anchor, which had been drawn up to the cat-head in time of need; another was for cutting away the foremast, the foretop mast being already by the board.

"As the morning advanced, the fog was dispelled, until not a vestige remained. The sun came out in unclouded splendor, and we had a perfect view of the forbidding Inaccessible Island, and I can safely say, that, never in my experience before or since, have I ever been put in such a dreadful situation with passengers and crew. I have been wrecked twice in the Pacific and once in the Indian Ocean, but I never felt so certain of death as I did on that warm summer morning when I looked forth from the wreck of the Dolphin over the breakers to the rough shores of Inaccessible Island.

“‘I can truly say that through the entire number but one feeling ran, and that was—despair—absolute despair. As for myself, I could not see the remotest chance of escape. So far as I could judge, nothing but a miracle could rescue a single one of us from a watery grave; and, as you know, the days of miracles passed a long time before either of us can remember.

“‘But it is much easier for a sailor to die struggling than to fold his arms and quietly go down, and anything was preferable to me than to see the pale, hopeless faces around. We did everything that human energy can do; and the wreck was fortunately carried by the wind and tide between the ledges of sunken rocks and thundering breakers, until, finally, at the end of several hours, it entered the only spot on the island where a landing could possibly be effected—every other portion of the coast was composed of perpendicular cliffs of granite, rising above the thundering surf, twenty, thirty and over sixty feet in height.

“‘As we neared the shore, a raft was constructed, and several clinging to this, managed, by dint of great exertion, to paddle it into the cove, where, their joy at having escaped the wrath of the waves was so great, that they danced and yelled like madmen.

“‘Finally, at the end of an hour, the wreck plunged straight into the cove as unerringly as if she were under full sail, and had been guided hither by the most skillful of helmsmen. The moment we reached the proper point, I had ropes thrown out, and the crew and passengers, one by one, succeeded in making their way to land in safety.

“‘Thus we all, excepting the two sailors who perished when the *Delp* in first struck, reached the land in safety, when, a short time before, every one of us had resigned ourselves to death as inevitable. It was indeed a marvelous escape, and one which I often think about; but the most singular part of my experience was yet to come.

“‘By this time it was dark, and fully comprehending the dangers to which we would be subjected, we all united in our efforts to save everything possible from the ship. I

had strong fears that Inaccessible Island was entirely barren, and this step was imperatively demanded.

“ Quite a quantity of cloth, several cases of wine, a few boxes of cheese, some hams, the body of a milk cow, which had been washed ashore; buckets, tubs and chest, were safely got to shore. Toward the close of day, when we were drifting into the cove, it began raining, and it now poured down in torrents. We were drenched to the skin, but the excitements of the day made us insensible to these minor inconveniences. We were too glad for the time to get off with our lives, to care for anything like this.

“ By means of the bel posts, and the cloths, and a portion of the fore-sail, we managed to construct three tolerable tents, sufficient to shelter us all from the inclemency of the elements. One of these was for the exclusive use of the women, while the other two contained the men. I noticed at the time that, although among our females were several with small children, and one or two who were in delicate health, yet they bore the hardships and suffering to which we were exposed, better and more uncomplainingly than a majority of the men.

“ On the morrow, it was found that the wreck had gone to pieces. The greater portion of the day was spent by the men in dragging the spars, planks and whatever they could lay hold of, ashore. When, finally, the scraps that could be saved was collected the work was given over.

“ About this time, I observed among several of my men a disposition to throw off my authority over them, and thinking that, under the circumstances, there was some excuse for this feeling, and preferring to retire gracefully, I informed them that the Dolphin having gone to destruction, we all stood on equal terms, and I should claim no authority over their conduct or inclinations so long as they remained on Inaccessible Island.

“ This was a prudent course upon my part, for the conclusion to which I had come was inevitable, and had I resisted or objected, it would have done no good and only led to unpleasant consequences. As it was, it was re-

ceived with the greatest good nature, and made every one of them my friends.

“ We now met together for consultation, and, at my suggestion it was agreed we should make a thorough exploration of the island to see whether there was anything obtainable in the way of food. We set out early in the afternoon, and by the close of day had completed our work. The result was nothing. All was barren and desolate—there was not a human being, nor a bird, nor a quadruped to be seen. There was not even a tree—nothing but rocks, boulders and sand.

“ The island we found divided into two distinct parts—a low, level portion, and a sort of plateau. The former was covered with stones and sand, and a few stunted weeds, rocks, ferns and other useless plants. The upper or hilly portion was discovered to consist of original plateau, very marshy and full of deep sloughs, across which, in numerous places, ran small rills, pure as crystal, and of icy coldness. This was a great blessing. I prefer a death from hunger to one from thirst, and my constant dread was that I was threatened by the latter. The consciousness that that fate was not in store for me, gave me inexpressible relief.

“ On exploring still further this marshy table-land, we found a large quantity of wild parsley and celery, but not a leaf of anything else which could be made, under any circumstances, to answer for food. It was a dreary, intolerable scene, and when we turned away, Wilson, the first mate, who had been in better spirits than any of us since our misfortune, said to me:

“ Well, Captain, this looks bad for us—a little worse for me, I think, than when I was wrecked on the coast of Sahara, and carried away by Arabs.”

“ Yes,” I answered, “ it is gloomy, and I can’t see much prospect of anything additional to eat, unless a ship discovers us.”

“ Not much prospect of that, I’m afraid. We are out of the general course of vessels, and it ain’t likely any will

call here themselves, when they run so much danger in doing so.'

“‘We may attract their notice by means of a signal,’ I replied, ‘which reminds me that it should be erected as soon as possible.’

“‘A portion of the island rose like a mountain peak, fully five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Clambering with great difficulty to the top of this, we erected a piece of belstead which had been washed ashore from which a huge table cloth was made to dangle in the breeze.

“‘Some of us had considerable faith in this, but I never believed it would do us much good. Vessels were not apt to sail within the vicinity of inaccessible Island, unless, like us, they were driven thither by stress of weather. At a great distance at sea, our signal was not likely to be noticed.

“‘It being established, however, we could only wait and see what the result was going to be. The first day it was erected the mate detected a sail in the distant horizon—so far away that it was but a mere speck. For a time we had hopes that it would come nigher, but it was not long before it disappeared altogether, and we were again left alone.

“‘Among the company shipwrecked upon these desolate shores, there was not one that was connected by blood with me, nor was there one with whom I had been on intimate terms. Wilson, the mate, was the man upon whom I most relied, yet he seemed to be particularly interested in one of the female passengers, and I therefore did not break in upon them.

“‘Left thus alone, I often spent hours in wandering around the island, in the hope of finding something that might be of use to us, but, at the same time, with an idea of getting rid of the *ennui* which oppressed me so heavily. In some places, at low tide, you can wander for a long ways along the hard, sandy beach, but in the majority of instances, the bold, precipitous rocks rose straight from the water. I was often absent all day, returning to our spare

supper, which rather whetted than diminished one's appetite.

"On one of these occasions, when at the furthest extremity of the island, I was walking moodily along, with my eyes down upon the sand, absently kicking at everything which came in my way, when my foot struck something which gave back a hollow sound. I turned and looked at the object, and saw that it resembled a peculiarly shaped stone; but, on picking it up, I discovered it to be a pint bottle, similar to what are now used to carry porter and ale in.

"As I turned it over, examined the hermetically sealed cork, and held it up to the light, I was still more surprised to observe something in the bottle. Without dillying with the cork, I cracked the bottle through the middle, upon a stone; and, as it fell apart, a roll of writing paper lay exposed. A glance showed that it had writing upon it, and carefully examining it, I traced the following:

"SUNDAY, June 20, 1721.

"I am the last man left of a crew of eighteen wrecked upon this island a month ago. Several of our men died before we discovered that there was an abundance of water on the high lands. We have managed to catch a few fish, but not enough to sustain life, and one by one they have lain down and died. Last of all I am left. I have barely strength left to trace these lines, and can last but a little longer. May God receive my soul.

"ARTHUR H. INGHAM, Captain of Greyhound."

"I have given you the exact words," said Captain Harding, "for I read that over until every word was impressed upon me so indelibly, that I could never forget them. As you may well imagine, these few lines were of the most painful interest to me. In the melancholy fate of the Greyhound, I read our own doom.

"No doubt they had resorted to the same expedients as ourselves, until at last all hope had died out in their breasts, and they had, one after the other, lain down and died.

This, too, was the explanation of the portions of human skeletons we had found here and there upon the island.

“After thinking over the matter, I concluded to say nothing regarding what I had seen, as it could only serve the further to depress the spirits of my friends, without accomplishing any good. I therefore folded the writing paper up, and placed it carefully away in my pocket book. I still have it in my possession, and when I have finished my narration will show it you.

“The time wore dreamily away, and at the end of a few more days, the dead cow, hams and cheese were eaten up; and, from one end of the island to the other, not a particle of food was to be found. Famine now began to threaten us, and we looked in each other's faces, and instinctively asked the question, ‘What is to be done?’

“Every stone near the sea was turned over, in the hope of finding some shellfish, but all in vain—not one did we discover. We endeavored to get up some contrivance to answer for hook and line; but, after we had succeeded in making an awkward contrivance, we could secure no bait; and, if we had been provided with this indispensable requirement, I do not believe we could have tempted a single fish from the sea.

“In this dreadful extremity, while we sat sullen and dejected to the last degree, around our smoking camp-fire, a large number of sea birds, attracted by the flames, rushed into the midst of them.

“We sprang up like crazy men, and caught them as fast as possible. With sticks we knocked a goodly number down, until we had secured all possible, when we found that we had gained a goodly quantity of provision. For several nights in succession, similar flocks came in, and by increasing the number of our fires, we obtained a large quantity of nourishing food.

“At the end of a week these visits ceased altogether. At my earnest suggestion we had eaten only that which was absolutely demanded for the sustenance of life. Several stewards were appointed, and the food was dealt out with a most parsimonious hand; but, as Poor Richard

says, 'always taking out of the meal tub, and never putting in, soon reaches the bottom,' and in due time, and all too soon, our last sea fowl was devoured.

"We built fires and looked anxiously to the heavens; but the bird seemed to have learned wisdom from the experience and fate of their companions. We frequently saw them circling overhead, but they took good care to keep at a safe distance. The mate, Wilson, who was quite dexterous, succeeded in bringing down one or two, by watching his chance, and hurling a stone among them when they came wit in reach; but it was not long before they seemed to comprehend that they ran into danger by coming anywhere near us, and thereafter they kept entirely beyond our reach. And so it came around again that famine was upon us, and none of us could think or devise means of escape from a lingering and distressful death.

"If you have ever had a fever, you know what indescribable imaginings come into your head when you close your eyes. I had suffered so much that when I lay down to sleep, I had the most vivid and curious dreams that ever tormented a human being. They frequently awoke me as suddenly as if I had been plunged into icy water, and I started up shivering and frightened.

"One night I dreamed I was wandering along the coast until I reached the spot where I had discovered the writing in the bottle, when I turned my head toward the ocean, and saw a small boat coming to my rescue. Two persons were seated in it, and one of them looked like a young and handsome woman. I waited until the boat touched the shingle at my feet, when, just as I was about to step in it, I awoke.

"The dream was particularly vivid, and kept me awake quite awhile, but finally I turned upon my other side, and dropped off into an uneasy dose—only to see precisely the same vision, and to awake at exactly the same point that I did before. The repetition of the dream gave me a singular feeling, such as I had never experienced before, and I raised my head and supported it on my elbow, listening and half expecting to hear the shout of some one calling

to us; but nothing but the roar of the distant breakers, and the beating of the ocean upon the rocky coast, came to my ears, and growing drowsy, I again laid my head down and slept.

“ ‘Would you believe it!’ asked Captain Harding, ‘the dream, even to its minutest particular, was repeated precisely as before, I awakening at the very moment that I was about to step into the boat. So deep an impression did this make upon me, that, upon arousing, I rose to my feet to go to the spot, and see whether there was not a boat waiting for me. I recollect that I resolved, in case there was, to spring into it before it could get beyond my reach.’

“ ‘There was a faint moon in the sky that made a portion of the sea visible out to where the white foam of the breakers could be discerned. The tide was out, and I walked along shore, close to the edge of the water. I had wandered over the island so often that every portion of it was as familiar to me as was the Dolphin before it went down among the rocks and breakers of this same desolate place.

“ ‘By-and-bye I reached the spot near which I found the bottle and its writing, and with a heart that beat as rapidly as to be painful, I slowed my foot steps and listened. Nothing but the wild moaning of the sea reached my ears; and, feeling somewhat ashamed, I was about to move on, when I looked out toward the white foam of the breakers, and fairly gave a gasp of terror when I saw something dark coming over the surface of the water.

“ ‘A second glance showed that it was a boat, and, as it came nearer, I recognized two persons in it, although there was too much darkness to distinguish anything more than their outlines. ‘My dream is about to be verified,’ I said, as I stood transfixed, and watched the object coming nearer and nearer.

“ ‘It required but a few moments for it to touch the shore, when a large, powerfully-framed man stepped forth, and advanced to where I stood. I offered my hand, but, without taking it, he asked, in such miserable English, that I had to ask him to repeat it several times:

“ ‘Who be you?’

“ ‘I explained to him as well as I could my unfortunate condition, and then craved permission to accompany him away from the island. He signified to me to step within, but just as I was on the point of doing so, he pushed me back, and asked :

“ ‘What dat?’

“ ‘What do you mean?’ I asked in great amazement. He pointed behind me, where the glimmer of one of the camp-fires could be seen. I think that in that single moment I felt meaner than I have in all my life before or since. To think that I, the captain of the *Dolphin*, should attempt to escape from Inaccessible Island, and leave behind my crew and passengers, including several delicate females! It was disgraceful; and, covered with shame and confusion, I stepped back and apologized as best I could. The truth was that I had committed this terrible piece of cowardice all unconsciously and ignorantly.

“ ‘Can you not take them?’ I asked.

“ ‘No; we sink,’ he answered, as he stepped back into the boat. Then, for the first time, I looked at the other person in the boat. I could see that it was a female; she was sitting in the stern, quiet and motionless, awaiting the will of him who was evidently her father.

“ ‘There are women there—poor, delicate women,’ I said with considerable vehemence; but the barbarian, as I judged him to be, was entirely unmoved by the appeal.

“ ‘Take them in my place,’ I insisted. ‘You may as well save some of them.’

“ ‘But he shook his head, although he stood looking toward the distant camp-fire, as if still undecided in his mind whether to leave them all to their dire fate or not. Finally he turned again to me.

“ ‘You go?’

“ ‘No,’ I replied, ‘I cannot go and leave those who are helpless behind. If you cannot take them, you may leave me.’

“ ‘At this juncture, the female within the boat broke the silence with the one single mon-syllable, ‘Come!’

“The temptation, under any other circumstances, would have been great; but I never could have respected myself afterwards, had I basely deserted my poor suffering companions; so I only shook my head, and declined as before.

“The man stood silent a few moments, and then, without another word, stepped into the boat, which resembled a canoe in its construction, and paddled away. I watched him until he approached the breakers, when the darkness became so great that he and his comrade were shut out from view altogether.

“‘I think you will admit,’ said Captain Harding, as he paused to relight his pipe, ‘that this was rather a strange thing, and, as I stood upon the sandy shore, looking out upon the surging Atlantic, a feeling of awe and adoration spread through my soul. I felt as though the great Being above had opened a direct communication with me. After reproving my forgetfulness, he had given this token that he had not yet entirely deserted us.

“‘I made my way back to the smouldering camp-fire, and lay down and slept soundly until morning. Then, when I awoke, I found that the last of our provisions was gone, and we were again reduced to famine. It was a question with me whether it was best to acquaint my friends with my adventure or not. I finally concluded not to do so.

“‘In the first place, I did not know whether we should ever see anything of them again, and it would be cruel thus to awaken hope only to have it extinguished again. Another reason was that I could not avoid a certain lingering feeling that I was mistaken entirely in the matter. It was not until I had gone down to the shore, and traced my own footsteps there that I felt satisfied. The marks made by the boat and him who had stepped from it, had long since been obliterated by the tide.

“‘There was one appalling moment, which was not mentioned, but which, I believe, was in every one’s thoughts. It seemed closer now than ever. I mean that period when we should cast lots to see whose body should

feed the others. It must come to that sooner or later, and it seemed to be at hand.

“ In this dreadful moment, when horror sat upon all, the horizon was observed to be suddenly obscured, and presently clouds of penguins alighted on the island. The low grounds were entirely covered; and, before the darkness of night had set in, the sand could be scarcely distinguished for the number of eggs which, like a sheet of snow, lay upon the surface of the earth.

“ The penguins remained on the island for several days, when, as if by an understood signal, the whole flock took their flight, and we saw nothing more of them.

“ The penguins, however, left behind them the best of remembrances, in shape of the thousands of eggs which they had deposited in the sand. We had a rare time feasting upon these. We found, upon killing the penguins, that their food was so rank, it could not be eaten; but the eggs, especially in our starving condition, were delicious, and we gorged ourselves upon them. By manœuvring these to the best advantage, we were abundantly supplied with good food for a couple of weeks, when famine once more threatened us.

“ All this time I had not failed daily to look for my strange visitors of the night. I could not dismiss the hope that they intended our rescue; but, as day after day passed away, and the days finally lengthened into weeks, the hope grew fainter, and finally died out altogether.

“ ‘I tell you,’ said Captain Harding, smoking harder at his pipe, to keep back the tears in his eyes, ‘I shall never forget my experience on Inaccessible Island. I think, tracing it all through, that it was a most singular one. Once the thought of turning cannibals had forced itself upon us, and now it came again; but, before it took the form of expression, Providence again interceded in our behalf.

“ We were sitting silent and dejected on the afternoon of the third day of our famine, when a man came running over the rocks with the unexpected and joyful announcement:

"Millions upon millions of sea cows are coming ashore on the other side of the island!"

"This, of course, was considerable of an exaggeration, but, under the circumstances, it was pardonable. We climbed over the ledge of rocks which flanked our tents, and, with a joy which cannot be described, beheld a shoal of manatees immediately beneath them. These came in with the flood, and were left in the puddles between the broken rocks of the cove.

"Upon cooking them, we found that the flesh was totally unavailable as food, it being mere blubber. There was not one of us who could keep it on his stomach for five minutes; but the liver was excellent, and on this we lived for two weeks longer.

"I should have mentioned that during our tedious imprisonment upon Inaccessible Island, the carpenter and most of the men had busied themselves in constructing a boat from the wreck of the Dolphin. This was a work of extreme difficulty, owing to the want of tools, and the poor condition of the material of which it was made.

"But it was completed, after weary weeks of labor, and preparations were made for starting to Tristan d'Acunha, in the hope of securing assistance with which to rescue the rest from a terrible death. I was offered the charge of the boat, but, since my dream and its experience, I had resolved to be the last man to leave the island, and I declined. Thereupon, Wilson, the mate, assumed command, and, with a foreboding heart, we bade them farewell, and wished them good speed on their journey.

"I may say here that the boat, with every one on it, was lost. I suppose it was carried away by the violent currents which surged among these islands, or was dashed to pieces among the breakers. It was a painful trial to give up all hope of being saved through the instrumentality of the boat. Of course we could know nothing of its fate until long afterwards, but the fury of the breakers made us apprehensive from the start that we could never receive any good from its departure.

"I especially mourned the loss of Wilson, one of the

robust and bravest of sailors. He was a man of education, with whom it was a pleasure to be associated; but, great as was my individual grief at his loss, it could not equal that of the blue-eyed passenger to whom I have already referred. My heart bled for her. She really loved Wilson with her whole heart; and, under the peculiar circumstances, she did her best to conceal it. She might have hid it from others, but she could not from me. As delicately as possible, I sought to comfort her, but she could see that I was speaking what was untrue, when I held out to her hopes that he still might be living.

“By this time, there had been so many signal interpositions in our favor, that a certain degree of confidence began to take possession of us all, despite the gloomy circumstances by which we were surrounded. Our provisions were exhausted to the last mouthful; the sea birds had long ago bidden us farewell; the penguins had taken their departure; no more sea cows were to be seen, although we scrutinized every portion of the horizon, and not a shellfish had been discovered since we had been cast upon the island. It really did seem as if food came from nowhere unless it should drop down like manna from the heavens, and yet I say, despite these sad surroundings, there was a certain hope which, I believe, was in the heart of every one, except not the poor girl, who mourned for her lost lover.

“I suppose the mind may become as diseased as the body. I know that my thoughts never acted so strangely as they did during the few weeks that I spent upon Inaccessible Island. I frequently found myself wandering alone along the sea-shore, in a sort of half dream, repeating maxims and snatches of poetry which had been out of my head for a dozen years. Several times the memorable oration of Mark Antony kept flowing off my tongue, without any consciousness of the fact upon my part.

“Not knowing what to do with myself, I wandered up to the highest point of the island to where the torn remnants of our signal of distress was still flying. I gazed all around the horizon, north, south, east, west, everywhere

was the same vast expanse of water. Not a sail was visible—not even a tiny boat——

“‘Hold! what is that away off to the northward? Is it not a sail-bull dipping down beneath the waves, and rising to view again? No; it is a boat with a sail, and behind it comes another, and behind that still another. It is true, indeed; three boats are coming to our rescue!’

“‘I rubbed my eyes and looked again. They were there, and no mistake, and were coming straight for the island. Perhaps they still might turn about; it was too soon to rejoice. I climbed the shore post which we had fastened so securely in the rocks, tore the rags from their fastenings, and waved them furiously over my head. I shouted again and again, forgetting the fact that my voice could not penetrate half the distance. I swung my hat, and succeeded in securing a standing position upon the top of the post, from which my wild antics speedily brought me to the ground again.

“‘As soon as I felt really certain that they were heading for the island, I went shouting and yelling toward the encampment, ‘WE ARE SAVED! WE ARE SAVED!’

“‘The excitement soon communicated, and we all poured headlong down to the beach, and impatiently awaited the approach of our rescuers. In the foremost boat were the tall man and the comely maiden who had visited me at night so many weeks before. The other two boats contained English sailors from *Tristan d’Acunha*, each party having a goodly sized boat.

“‘In a few minutes they touched land, and we shook them by the hands.

“‘How came you to know we were here?’ I inquired of the man who appeared to be the leader.

“‘She told us,’ he replied, pointing to the young lady seated in the stern of the boat.

“‘But it was fully a month ago since she was here. Where has she been all the time?’

“‘She? My dear fellow, she has never been on this island in her life.’

“‘I laughed,

“ ‘But I saw her here, spoke with, and had quite a chat with her husband.’

“ ‘That is not her husband; it is her father. You are also mistaken regarding him.’

“ ‘I looked again at them; they were the identical visitors who had come so near carrying me away. I went up to the man, and addressed him. He replied in broken English, and I then asked whether he had ever seen me before. He shook his head, and said ‘No.’

“ ‘I turned back to the first speaker, and asked triumphantly:

“ ‘How came they to know that we were upon this island, needing help?’

“ ‘That is a very curious story. Some time ago, this man, known as Osmon Effendo, started from the island of Ceylon for Tristan d’Acunha—that is the larger island, taking with him his only daughter, who is called Esmund. They are both Christians, and were on their way to England, where they were to meet a missionary, who preceded them by a few months. It was the intention of the father to educate his daughter, and to acquire some education himself, when they proposed to return and devote the remainder of their lives to the benefit of their race.

“ ‘They took passage on board an English vessel, which ran foul Nightingale Island a week or so ago, and went to the bottom. They managed to save one boat only, although none of the crew lost their lives. This boat was sufficient to carry one-half of them to Tristan d’Acunha. While it was gone, and the others were wearily waiting, this Esmund there had a dream that a party were wrecked upon this island. The dream was so vivid, that she insisted it must be true. She could not make the Britons believe in her superstition, and when they came back, they would not consent to go anywhere near Inaccessible Island, but made as straight a journey as possible home.

“ ‘She insisted so strongly, and her father uniting with her, that she finally induced a few of us to believe it. We organized the three boats’ crews, and the result is here we are, ready to take you away with us.’

“So, after all, it was a dream of mine, instead of a reality, though how a man can wake three times from three separate dreams, and still be dreaming, is something which I could never understand.

“Of course we accompanied them away from the island. I felt an irresistible attraction toward the beautiful Malay, and I believe she felt the same toward me. It could not be otherwise than that we should be interested in each other. I found her a true Christian, meek, and yet with a good temper when roused. To be short, the feeling between us ripened into love. I accompanied her to England, there married, took charge of another East Indiaman, carried her back to Ceylon, left her there several years, I visiting her as often as possible and, finally, we came here and settled down for the remainder of our lives, and here we are.”

CHAPTER VII.

A GHOST YARN.

The narrative of Tompkins, the gunner, was listened to with great interest by the circle congregated around him, without questioning or interruption, and when he had finished, all united in declaring it was one of the best yarns he had ever spun.

The night was cool and pleasant, and there was a disposition to hear more; but the gunner's pipe had gone out, and, as he relit it, he said:

“That will do for me to-night; but if you want to hear more, Mitchell, the mate there, can reel you off one just as good as mine.”

“No; I can't,” replied the officer, who did not disdain to mingle with the men now and then.

“You can tell us something, at any rate,” said one of them.

“Yas, an' a mighty interisting incident, as me father re-

marked when I was born," added Terence O'Toole. "So out wid it."

"Well, if I must, I must. What kind of a story would you prefer?"

"Anything at all."

"How would a ghost story do?"

"Just the thing; we have had so much of the sea, that something like that will help to give us variety."

Thus appealed to, Mitchell said:

"Late one Saturday evening, just before the war, four of us, Tom Ringgold, George Smythe, Edward Innis and myself, were gathered together in the dingy old building known as Kilman's Castle, for the purpose of spending the evening together. The place belonged to old Mr. Ringgold and a venerable sea captain, who had spent a week or two in putting it in repairs, and not being quite ready to bring his family from the city of Boston, (about forty miles distant) had requested his nephew, Tom, to sleep in it, and keep watch of the valuable furniture which he had placed in several rooms.

"This, Tom could not refuse to do; although, as there were legends of the place being haunted, he was exceedingly reluctant, and besought Innis, Smythe and myself so earnestly to spend the few evenings with him, that we could not refuse; and so it came to pass, as I have said, that we four were gathered in this immense, gloomy old building, known as Kilman's Castle, on a Saturday night a number of years ago.

"After smoking our pipes and warming ourselves by the huge fire burning in the enormous fire-place, we naturally fell into a gossiping conversation. Innis, I should remark, had the reputation of being quite superstitious, and, Ringgold giving me the wink, said:

"Do you know, Innis, that this building is haunted?"

"No!" exclaimed the latter, fairly starting from his seat, and casting a wild look about him. "If I'd known that, hanged if I'd come here to-night."

"You ain't afraid?"

"Hang it! I don't like ghosts, anyhow."

“Did you ever hear the legend?”

“No—nor don't wish to hear it.”

“Oh! it is very interesting. Come, Ringgold, give it to us.”

“You see,” said Ringgold, “this old building was built a long time before the French War, the bricks in the main part of the house having been shipped from Holland for that purpose. The first man who lived in it, was not the one who built it, and how, when it was finished, he came into quiet possession of it, was never understood although there were whispers of foul play. He brought with him a very handsome woman as his wife; whether she were really his lawful spouse or not, was never known. At first, she appeared quite often in the neighborhood, but this soon ceased. When they had lived in the place a couple of years, it became known that she had given birth to a son. But neither she nor her child were ever seen afterwards, and there were whispers among the few settlers that there had been wrong dealings toward them. Be this as it may, the death of her and her child was openly announced a few days later—there was not the show of a funeral, and the succeeding month, the first proprietor of this estate started for England, and was never seen nor heard of again. But tales were soon current of strange noises and sights having been heard and seen by the old domestics. One man especially asserted, and was ready to affirm on oath, that he had seen there, on more than one occasion, a woman with sad and wasted looks, walking at the hour of midnight, with a child in her arms, from the steward's room to the *and so on*,” he said suddenly, lowering his voice to a gloomy whisper, “and *you* is the very door through which it is said she disappeared.”

“At this point, I laid my hand on Innis's shoulder, and with such effect, that with a convulsive kick, he upset the table, extinguishing the light, and breaking, with a loud crash, the pitcher and tumblers placed thereon.

“Several gasps from Innis, and impatient exclamations from the other two, were all that was heard until the light was relit, and the table placed on its legs again. We then

endeavored to quiet his fears, but found the task no easy one. In truth, I speedily found I had raised a spirit which it was not in my power to put down. From frightening him, I had succeeded in some degree in frightening myself, and I could see from the quick, uneasy glances of Ringgold and Smythe, that they were not exactly at ease. The fact was, the legend which Ringgold had just told, had been, in my childhood, quite common in the neighborhood, and we had all heard it, with the exception of Innis, and I had nearly forgotten it, until revolving some scheme to terrify Innis.

"It being quite late, we began debating the question of going to bed, to do which it was necessary, as our chamber was on the third floor, to ascend the back stairway, and this same stairway was the one down which the phantom lady and her child had been seen to pass; and, as we looked in each other's faces, I believe we all were reflecting upon the possibility of encountering the spectre.

"While we thus sat in thought, a sound as of a light foot gently falling on the stairs, sent a thrill of horror into each of us. Softly, step by step, came the thing, whatever it was, while we sat in mute terror, not one of us able to move. Every eye was turned to the door, as at last the sound ceased, and all expected to see it fly open, when, after a second's pause, during which we distinctly saw the latch rise and fall several times, the steps were heard as before, softly receding, until they finally died out in the distance. This seemed to break the spell which bound us, and Smythe, snatching up the candle, darted toward the door, and, hurling it open, held the light high above his head, and gazed up. We all crowded to his side, and strained our eyes in the same direction, but nothing was to be seen—nothing but the tall, half-glazed window through which the wind was whistling mournfully, and the long, dark walls, winding away into the gloom. We turned our pale faces toward each other.

"As it was now beyond midnight, we concluded to go to bed; but *how* was the question. We had but one light; and it is well known with what promptness a person will

ascend a stairway with the fear haunting him that there is an indescribable something behind him, ready to catch him by the heels. Such, we felt, would be the situation of every one of us on the present occasion, and to whom should we entrust the light, seeing he would have the prospect of darkness before him to keep him back, was the question. At length we decided upon Ringgold, and, having placed Innis in front of him, from the belief that there was small danger of going too fast, Smythe and I each took an arm of our torch-bearer, and commenced its ascent. What with our occasional drawbacks, his frequent stoppages, and Innis' starts, which threatened several times to precipitate us backwards, considerable time had elapsed before we reached the top. The toil of ascending had the effect of diminishing our terror, and we were beginning to laugh, when a sudden puff of wind extinguished our light. As it was impossible to find our room, among so many, in the dark, Ringgold, after some bickering, consented to go back and relight the candle. Accordingly he went down, letting his feet fall with a crash, and whistling the 'Fisher's Hornpipe' to keep up his courage. Just then, a wild idea came into my head of frightening my companions still more. I concluded to ensconce myself behind some door or angle, and, at the proper moment, spring upon them. Oh I stole, therefore, as cautiously as if my life depended on my success. I laid my hand on the door, and softly passed it open. Heavens! it makes me start with terror—the pressure was returned!—first gently, then forcibly, not suddenly, as if blown to, but firmly and surely on, till it reached the jaws. I shall never forget the sensation of that moment. My hand dropped as if stricken by palsy, my heart seemed to sink within my bosom, my breath stopped, and I felt my very hair bristling on my head. With difficulty I repressed a shriek—then I glided quietly back to my companions. Ringgold came up with the light just as I had joined them. He noticed my appearance, and, holding the candle to my face, exclaimed:

“Good gracious, Mitchell! what's the matter?”

" 'Nothing,' I replied, with a ghastly attempt at a laugh.

" We moved off in a body, Smythe leading the way--and, to my horror, he moved straight toward the door which I had sought to enter, and which once more stood partially open. He put his hand to it, and pushed it gently, when it flew back with a crash which brought an exclamation from all of us.

" 'Hang it!' he exclaimed, 'how the wind blows! there must be some of the windows open.'

" Here he again put his hand to the door, but it was as immovable as if secured with triple bars of iron.

" 'Is there a spring lock on this door?' he asked, turning toward Ringgold.

" 'Not the least fastening in the world,' was the reply.

" Here Smythe again put his shoulder to the door, and pressed with all his strength against it. It opened slowly, a few inches, then recoiled to its place throwing him back into the midst of us.

" 'What under heaven does it all mean?' he asked, turning his pale face toward us.

" With faltering lips I told my story, and, just as I finished, a noise behind us attracted our attention. Poor Lannis, from excess of terror, had sunk down upon the floor, and was the most pitiable object I ever beheld.

" 'Boys,' said Ringgold, fiercely, 'it may be that some one is playing us a trick, though how one ever could have gotten in here, with everything fastened, is more than I can understand. Now, if it be a human being who keeps this door closed, he cannot hold it against us three so put your shoulders to it both of you, and I'll do the same; if we catch any one, I don't care whom, we'll give him a jake that he'll remember to the day of his death.'

" The last words were uttered aloud as if to warn the person inside. A low, hollow laugh that sent a shiver of horror through us all, was the only answer. Smythe put the candle on the floor, and, placing ourselves a-rear, we rushed with all our force against the door; it didn't budge an inch.

"'Try it again,' said Smythe, 'and let it be with a steady push.'

'We placed ourselves against it, and pressed until we were exhausted; the massive door yielded—almost a foot.

"'Now then, boys, altogether—quick! with all your might——'

'The words were yet in the mouth of Smythe, when the door was hurled back, with such prodigious momentum, as to throw every one of us to the floor.

"'In the name of God, who are you?' called out Smythe, completely conquered.

'No reply, but the door was seen to move slightly.

'Again he conjured it by every form of which he could think, to declare itself; again the door moved slightly, but there was no answer.

'He now lifted the candle, and placed his hand upon the door; it yielded to the gentle pressure, and swung back on its hinges until it struck the wall. The room was open.

'Holding the candle high above his head, Smythe entered. We followed him, dragging in the half-dead Innis, where we placed him upon the bed, for he was as livid as a dead man. We next proceeded to examine the room. It was different from the one which we had left, being comparatively small, so that at our light at once illuminated every part of it. Ringgold stationed himself near the door, with a chain in his hand, to prevent any one going out that way, while Smythe and I began the search.

'We commenced at the door and went round, not leaving a hole that would have concealed a mouse, which we did not search. We probed and battered the wainscot to assure ourselves that there were no secret doors, but all to no purpose, and when we reached the door again on the opposite side, we gave up the search as useless. We therefore had no alternative but to believe the Old Boy had entered the room.

"'Well, you may as well shut the door,' said Smythe, after a painful pause, 'and let us go to bed.'

'I turned to examine Innis, who had fallen asleep, when a sudden exclamation from Ringgold caused us to turn

round, and we saw him, with his chair half raised, and before him—not the phantom—but the real cause of all our disquietude, in the shape of the Hercules of the neighborhood, a broad-shouldered, double-jointed Sampson of a blacksmith, who might have held the door against a dozen such striplings as us.

“‘Ha! ha! ha! did I skear you?’ he laughed, grinning from ear to ear. ‘I thought I could do it purty nice, eh! Ha! ha!’

“We looked at him savagely a few moments, but when we took in his Herculean proportions, we concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and we joined in the laugh, although, for my own part, I must confess, I had very little heart in the merriment.

“Innis awoke shortly after, and actually affirmed that he had not been frightened in the least, and was only very drowsy from having sat up with a sick friend the night before. ‘What do you think of that ghost story?’ demanded Mitchell, looking round upon his listeners, and then he exclaimed in great disgust:—

“I’ll be hanged if they ain’t all asleep.”

CHAPTER VIII

THE “SHADOWY PAST.”

Captain Edward Warfield, who commanded the American privateer, *Sea Gull*, was a young man under thirty years of age, who had followed the sea from boyhood, and who had made himself known and dreaded by his country’s enemies in more than one portion of the high seas. He had a widowed mother living along the Kennebec, and now and then, during the war, he found time to run his gallant little vessel up the river, and let her know that he was still living and that she did not wait for the necessaries of life.

The principal playmate of the young American was Inez Mandeville, who dwelt alone with an old housekeeper, her

father being as a captain, who was sometimes absent from his daughter for more than a year at a time. Inez was five years younger than Edward, and he had been her champion and protector ever since she was large enough to go to school.

Their affection strengthened and grew with their years. When, at the age of fifteen, the boy bade good-bye to her mother and went to sea, it seemed as if the hearts of the two would break. They made all manner of vows to each other, each declaring that he or she would die, before he or she would forget the other.

And they kept their promise. In a little less than a year, Edward Warfield came back, and, after kissing and embracing his mother, he made all haste to Captain Mandeville's house. He found Inez eagerly awaiting him, and they were as happy as two mortals could be. Edward saw with pride that his loved friend was growing into a beautiful and good girl, and that if she lived, she would make a handsome woman.

Inez, on her part, observed how greatly her boy lover had improved, and the result was that they both loved each other more than ever, and renewed their vows, and added a few thousand more when they again separated. Edward was gone this time for two years; but never, during all that time, did he forget his blue-eyed Inez on the banks of the Kennebec.

Nor did she forget him. No other youngsters could charm her youthful eyes, and when he came back to her, he found her the same faithful, trusting girl, grown more beautiful, while he became more her slave than ever.

That the course of true love never ran smooth, receives confirmation every day, and so it proved in this instance. Year after year wore by, and Inez Mandeville was budding into a magnificent woman, while Edward Warfield had already won rapid promotion by his extraordinary skill and aptitude, and by a remarkable good fortune which seemed always to attend him. Already he and Inez were plighted lovers, she having received the consent of her father, who took great pride in the promotion and good conduct of the

young sailor. He only demanded as his right that no marriage should be thought of until Warfield was twenty-one, and this promise was readily made.

When our hero was just twenty he returned from a cruise of something less than a year's duration, to receive the greatest shock and grief of his life. During his absence a ship had come up the Kennebec, and, anchoring off his home, a boat had put ashore, and a half hour later, it returned, carrying Captain Mandeville's housekeeper and Inez. The men were all strangers, and not a word of explanation was vouchsafed to several of the neighbors, whose affection for the beautiful girl led them to inquire as to the meaning of the strange proceeding. The utmost that could be learned was that the ship flew the English flag and that Captain Mandeville did not come nor go with it.

The intelligence almost broke the heart of young Warfield. It was so unexpected and overwhelming that for a time he was unable to recover from the blow. His mother consoled with him, and finally he rallied and nerved himself to the duty before him. He made inquiries of all the neighbors who had seen the departure of his loved one, and he learned little in addition to what his mother told him. One old man said the girl wept and cried as if she was heart-broken, and he heard the nurse say that it was her father's wish, when she tried to bear up under it.

This statement led him to think that perhaps it was the doings of Captain Mandeville, and he obtained three months' leave of absence, in the hope of seeing and receiving an explanation from him; but the three months expired, and nothing was seen of the officer, and Warfield was obliged again to take his departure.

But when he returned during the following summer, he learned that Captain Mandeville had come home within a week after his departure, and that until that time the father had not known a thing of the removal of his child. He was like a man crazy for a while, raging like a tiger, and declaring that some enemy had taken revenge upon him in this manner. He left Maine, vowing that he would never return until he had recovered his daughter, or re-

ceived satisfaction from the wretches who had abducted her.

He kept his word—so far as returning to his home was concerned—for he was not seen there again. The Revolution broke out shortly after the occurrence, and it was known that he had command of a privateer called the "Spitfire," which played the mischief with British commerce. Captain Warfield heard of her, but up to this time had never encountered her, although they had more than once crossed each other's track.

At every visit which Warfield made home, as a matter of course, he inquired regarding his lost love, and about her father. Nothing was ever learned of either. From the fact that Captain Mandeville did not make his appearance, he believed that he had not yet gained any tidings of his child.

In the thrilling excitement of the Revolution, young Captain Warfield found a partial relief for the affliction he had received. When he was chasing the flying enemy, or engaged in the fierce naval conflict, there was no time nor opportunity to think of anything else.

But it was when the calm moments came, when on the bright moonlight night, as the Sea Gull sped along for hours and hours, without change of helm or sail, and he stood looking out upon the vasty deep, that his mind wandered away to the Kennebec in his own New England, that his thoughts were with the beautiful Inez Mandeville. Again they stood side by side, with their hands clasped, and painting the future in the rosy colors of youth and love.

Then again he roused himself from these reveries to the stern duties around him and endeavored to forget this feature in his life. On one of these occasions, the pilot, Terence O'Toole, stood near him, when Captain Warfield suddenly said:

"O'Toole, you remember the night we came so near being wrecked in St. George's Channel?"

"I b'lave I doos, though there has been so many of them same little incidents in the history of the Sea Gull, that it's

hard to call it to mind, as me uncle observed when axed about the time he broke his wife's head."

"You remember also the signal which was displayed from the castle window, by which you were enabled to save us from being thrown upon the breakers?"

"That I doos."

"Mr. Mitchell, the mate, said that you referred to that fact, as if you knew who the person was."

"Yis," grinned O'foole, with the simpering look of a child when caught in a theft. "That is, I had a sort of s'picion."

"Who was it?"

"I s'pects it was Lord Falmouth's daughter."

"And why do you think it was her?"

"For the same rason that she is the ownly creature that I ever saw cut up such fl egermejigs with a lantern."

"Pray tell me when it was, previous to that time, that you saw her, and how it was you came to make her acquaintance?"

"That is aisy to'd. You see, jist afore this little difficulty broke out atween ould England and the Colonies, I happened to be spending my laysure time at me country seat, near the town of Dublin, over the watergrist. I spent me time principally in smoking me pipe an' aiting praties, whil I got into a little difficulty wid England. To be plain, about fifty of us attempted to get up an American Revolution, but some spalpeen blowed on us, an' the police come down on us all of a sudden."

"They cotched Murphy, Flanagan, McOboghoghn an' siveral others, hung one or two, an' transported the rest. I had to take a tearful adoo during the night time, wid me sthoppin' to say good-bye to me friends, an' hurried down to the coast, wid the wretches close at my heels. They war so migh y close indade that I made a plunge into the wather an' swam out to a vessel that was jist hoisting sail to go over to England. I got on board in the very nick of time, an' found that it was Lord Falmouth's vessel, an' that he had been on a sort of pleasure excursion wid her, an' that he was on his way back home again."

"Av coorse it woul'n't have done for me to tell the truth, for the ould rascal was one of them chaps who thinks England can iver do wrong, an' he would have set sail straight for London Tower, if he had s'picted what I had been up to. So I got up a yarn about some fellows being jealous of my goo looks for makin' all the girls in the neighborhood fall in love wid me, an' that they had set upon me an' give me such a baitin' that I had to run for me life.

"I put it in so strong at first, that he didn't swaller; but, as I offered to go back wid him, an' tould him how anxious I was to settle upon English soil, an' being, as he was, too lazy to go back to satisfy himself, he said I might go along wid him, provided, whin I got to his home, I went to work, an' paid for me passage.

"I thought t at was kinder mean, but of coorse I consented, an' so I gave 'em the slip; but the ould dog made me work harder than all his min, as we wint over, an' I didn't feel much gratitude to him for hilpin' me off, as I hated him still more.

"But he had his daatur wid him, an' wasn't she the swatest crature I iver laid eye on—jist as purty as the Sae Gull an' jist as good. Whin she found I was a poor unfortunate man, she gave me money slyly, an' whin the ould curmudgeon of her father didn't give me what I wanted to ate, she managed to find me something so as to kaap me from starvin' quite.

"Whin we got across the channel it was quite dark, an' the pilot wasn't exactly sartin where to find his way among the breakers, so some one waved a lamp from the castle window, jist as you saan it last night; the daater tould me it was a man that worked for Lord Falmouth, an' she took the throuble to explain the signal to me."

"And that was the way in which you came to understand that signal?"

"Yis; I saan her go over it so often that I larned it as well as my A B C, which, howsumer, I niver larned at all, by the same towken."

"It looks to me then, as if it were the man and not the lady who was our friend."

"Not at all—not at all—by no means."

"And why not?"

"For don't you saa, Lord Falmouth had all his min down by the shore watchin' us, to saa us go to pieces, an' ready to help us if they only could."

"That is hard'y probable."

"But it is sartin. I know the man as well as you—a little short, hump-backed scamp, an' if I didn't saa him jumpin' an' dancin' alonside the ould dog, thin I n ver laid eyes on you."

"It seems to me," said Cap ain Warfield, after a pause, "that we ought to call and thank the young lady for the interest she showed in our behalf."

"It might be a good idea, an' it might be t' e means of gitting her head broke."

"How so?"

"Ah! that ould daddy of hers is a spalp en—didn't he kaap me workin' fur him for six months, an' thin he didn't think I had earned enough to pay me passage, an' would have kept me to work six months lon er, if I hadn't give him the slip, an' went off to Amer. ky."

"I tink we could frighten the old fellow considerably if we should land some day near his estate, and a dozen of us make a call upon him."

"Yis; for the haythen hates all Americans an' Irishmen so much that he can't hilp feeling asferd when he saas them."

"His daughter was handsome, was she?"

"Ah! bootifu, bootiful!" exclaimed O'Toole, with the greatest enthusiasm, "niver did I set eyes on her equal."

Although Captain Warfield questioned his pilot rather closely, he had only a general interest in the matter, but when he proposed the following question, he was by no means prepared for the answer:

"By what name was this lady ad-dressed?"

"LADY INEZ!"

"WHAT?" demanded the young captain, almost spring-

ing off his feet ; and then it occurred to him that there might be a thousand ladies of that name ; but when he questioned Terence O'Toole, and found that his description corresponded in every particular with that of his lost love, the wild hope thrilled through him that, perhaps, after all, he was in a way to meet her again.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE PACIFIC.

But Captain Warfield found he had serious business on his hands, and little leisure to attend to these of the heart.

"Britannia rules the waves," was the song which every Briton sang, and which he was not willing to give up singing. The saucy American privateers were beginning to appear in every ocean, and the British navy found their hands full in attending to them.

The feats of Paul Jones have gone into history, and are the pride of every loyal American ; but there were scores of other commanders, who, in their sloops and schooners, ventured shyly out from the American coast, and the next head of them, was among the English shipping, raging like a lion in a sheep-fold.

The Sea Gull was one of the first privateers that went out upon the high seas, and her daring exploits soon made her well known to the vessels of the British navy ; and the consequence was that she had very little spare time on her hands.

She was chased for days and nights at times ; but as she was one of the fleetest sailers afloat, and her crew were consummate seamen, they were never caught. More than once, when engaged in dismantling a prize, they were compelled to scuttle her, and make all sail to get out of reach of their enemies, who were so vigilant after them.

Through every ocean—from the Arctic to the Antarctic, over the broad expanse of the Pacific, in the Indian Ocean,

and the Mediterranean Sea, did the daring Sea Gull cruise, inflicting irreparable injury, and adding new laurels to American seamanship and American valor.

More than once the prow of the Sea Gull was turned toward St. George's Channel, and on two separate occasions she entered it; but the British bull dogs were too vigilant, and she was compelled to make off again.

But Captain Warfield was sure he had gained a clue to his love, Inez Mandeville, at last, and he was resolved on the first opportunity to pay a visit to Lord Falmouth's home, and satisfy himself on that point; but this opportunity was a longer time coming than he imagined.

Month after month wore away, until they grew into years, and still the American Revolution raged both upon sea and land—the cause of the Colonies gradually gaining ground, until in the minds of all intelligent men, their independence was already established.

The Sea Gull was coming across the Southern Pacific toward South America, with the intention of doubling Cape Horn, and coming up the Atlantic. It was on a fine moonlight night, and the men on deck were gathered in a group, spinning yarns, while Captain Warfield was leaning over the gunwale, wrapped in reverie, when the mate, Mitchell, approached him.

"Excuse me, Captain, but do you hear that noise?"

"What is that?" he asked, arousing himself.

"Listen!"

Both did so, observing at the same time that the rest of the men were doing the same. Faintly but distinctly they could hear the distant rumble and boom of cannon.

"What do you take it to be?" asked the mate.

"It is an engagement between two vessels."

"American and British?"

"Undoubtedly."

"It seems to be directly ahead of us."

"Yes; we shall learn what it means to-morrow."

"How far away do you judge the vessels to be?"

Captain Warfield raised his head, and saw that there was scarcely a breath of wind, the long, glassy beam of the

ocean being undisturbed by a ripple, and finally he answered :

"They are fully a hundred miles off."

"We shall not be able to get there in time to afford them any assistance."

"No; that would be impossible."

For several hours the faint booming of cannon continued to be heard, but at last it ceased altogether, showing that the engagement was ended. No doubt one of the vessels had sunk or surrendered.

When morning dawned, a sail was made directly ahead of them, and the Sea Gull crowded all sail to meet her. They soon identified her as a British merchantman, which, although the American flag was flying from the Sea Gull, seemed anxious to meet her.

Much puzzled to understand the meaning of her movements, Captain Warfield lay to, and sent a boat out under the charge of Mitchell. It was received on board, remained a few moments, when the captain, who was watching through a small telescope, saw the mate and his men descend into the boat again in the greatest excitement.

They rowed like madmen for the Sea Gull, and while yet a considerable distance away, Mitchell rose to his feet, and swung his hat like a crazy person, almost jumping overboard.

"GLORY TO GOD! THE WAR IS ENDED! THE UNITED STATES ARE INDEPENDENT!"

Such a shout as went up from the deck of the Sea Gull is not heard more than once in a lifetime. All barriers of office were removed, and captain, mates, lieutenants and sailors mingled in with each other, grasping hands, crying, laughing, shouting, singing, flinging up their hats, and indulging in all those wild extravagances of voice, manner and action which may be supposed to characterize a number of madmen let loose.

When sober second thought had time to be heard, the ships came closer together, and an interchange of courtesies took place. The British seemed as well pleased as the

Americans, although not quite so hilarious in their manner.

They drank wine toge her, and pledged the young Republic again and again, and vowed eternal friendship for each other; until, after being together for hours, they finally separated never to meet again.

The Sea Gull skimmed over the Pacific on her homeward trip, carrying lighter hearts than it ever carried before. Captain Warfield thanked God again and again that he had lived to see this day, and at times his delight was so great that he seemed scarcely able to contain himself.

The men did not attempt to do so, but continued their shouting and dancing until completely exhausted and worn out.

It was near midnight before the Sea Gull reached the vicinity of the engagement, which she had so faintly heard the night previous. Nothing could be heard of any vessel, or wreck, but while all were looking, they distinctly heard the call:

"HELP! HELP! OR I SHALL DROWN!"

A boat was instantly lowered, and pulled away in the direction of the sound. There was a beautiful moon overhead, and the sailors were soon able to distinguish a man swimming, while, as he rose on the crest of a wave, he waved his hat, and shouted to attract attention.

The sturdy rowers were not long in reaching him, and hauling the exhausted man into the boat.

"I have been twenty-four hours drifting!" he said, as he reclined, exhausted, with his head on the knees of one of the men.

"Not swimming all the time!"

"No; three of us got off in a boat, but it was upset by a squall this afternoon, drowned the other two, and pretty nearly finished me, for I wasn't able to get back on the boat again."

They soon reached the Sea Gull, where the half-lying mariner was rubbed, and folded in blankets, and a half pint of scalding rum poured down his throat, when, as he expressed it, he felt like a "new man."

He was taken into the cabin, and when he had revived somewhat, Captain Warfield called upon him. The first glance, and he started back.

"Can it be possible—Is this Captain Mandeville?"

"Heaven save me! and is that you, Ned? You are the last man I expected to see. Give me your hand."

And he reached out his own horny palm, and grasped that of his young friend.

"Where is the Spitfire?" inquired our hero, as he took a seat near his old friend.

"At the bottom of the Pacific."

"Were you in battle yesterday?"

"Yes; we got into a fight with two of their craft, each of which carried more guns than the Spitfire; and, as bad luck would have it, their first broadside disabled our two biggest guns, and killed five men. It was one of those broadsides which come by chance, and which a man don't see more than once in a lifetime, and it did the business for us. We kept up the fight until I saw it was no use, and then I had to run up the white flag, which they either pretended not to see, or really did not, for they kept pounding away at us until we were sinking, when we put off in a boat, and got clear of them. Our boat was struck by a squall this afternoon, and my two men drowned—and, well you know the rest."

"Do you not know that peace has been declared?" inquired Captain Warfield.

"No; is it so?"

"Yes; our independence is acknowledged by Great Britain."

Captain Mandeville lay still a moment, his rough, weather-beaten face lit up by a joy too great for words.

"I was going to sit up and yell!" said he, "but I was afraid I feel better. I am mighty glad we are free, and would like to get even with these dogs that sent the Spitfire to the bottom of the deep, for I shouldn't wonder if they knew all the time about the peace."

"I hardly think so; as they must have been cruising

for several months in these waters, while the merchantman that gave us the news, was direct from England."

"Nay, my boy, I should like to learn what you have been doing. I have heard of you more than once, but it is a long time since I met you."

And Captain Warfield gave a succinct account of the principal events in the career of the *Sea Gull*. No reference was made to the great grief of Captain Manleyne's loss, but after a while our hero put the abrupt question:

"Have you gained any tidings of her?"

The old man sadly shook his head.

"Not a word; if it was not for the hope of finding her some day, I should have willingly sunk to the bottom when drifting away from the *Spartan*."

"I think I have learned a clue to her whereabouts."

The captain sat bolt upright, and looked eagerly at his young friend.

"What do you mean?"

Captain Warfield then proceeded to relate what is already known to our readers. At the conclusion, the old seaman struck his forehead in anger.

"Fool! that I have been! why did I not think of that man before?"

"Do you know Lord Falmouth?"

"Know him? I knew him years before you were born. He is the only man living who would do such a thing."

"And what motive could he have?"

"Revenge! He was in love with the mother of her, and determined to have her; but I took her away from him, and in revenge, he ran away with her child."

"But the housekeeper seemed to be in league with him."

"Yes; she was an English creature, who could be bought to do anything for gold. No doubt she has assisted him in stealing her."

"Have you never thought that he might be the guilty one?"

"It never once entered my head; and I cannot understand how it was that I did not think of him."

"Well, the war has ended, and we are at liberty now to hunt him up without fear of disturbance."

"Have you had no time to hunt for her until now?"

"I have had the time, but not the opportunity. We have gone down in St. George's Channel several times, but we found the British dogs were waiting us too closely."

"I think if I meet Lord Falmouth, he will conclude that peace hasn't been concluded between Great Britain and the United States," remarked Captain Monleville with a threatening air, as he clenched his fist and compressed his lips.

"I don't blame you for wishing to revenge yourself," said Warfield, after a few minutes' deliberation; "but there is the consolation that such villains are sure to receive their deserts in the world to come."

"Yes; but when a man does such an injury as that, there is no punishment too great for him. Only to think that for all these long years he has taken my darling Inez from me."

And the tears coursed down the cheeks of the hardy sailor at the recollection.

"I never liked the looks of Betts, the nurse," said Captain Warfield. "She always seemed to me like a sly, treacherous woman."

"She came to my house just after my wife died, and when I was in want of a housekeeper, I took her without asking anything of her past history. I am now satisfied that she was sent by Lord Falmouth, on purpose to prepare the way for his crime."

"Undoubtedly; but O'Toole tells me he saw nothing of any woman answering to the description of the nurse."

"No; she had friends in the northern part of England. She has been discharged by Lord Falmouth, liberally paid, and gone home."

"Did you ever search for her?"

"Yes; I visited her native place, and several times I enquired of her, but I could never meet her. I am satisfied that she learned I was searching for her, and purposely kept out of my way."

"You must have suspected some one?"

"I suspected three different persons—one of whom lives in the West Indies, the other in America, and the other is a sea captain like myself. I could never meet the latter, although I got on his track more than once. This, you see, prevented my suspecting any one else."

"Well, the destination of the Sea Gull is now toward a certain Lord Falmouth's residence along St. George's Channel," said Captain Warfield. "Try now and rest yourself, for you need it."

CHAPTER X.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Coming from the far Pacific, it was a long time before the *Sea Gull* doubled Cape Horn and crossed the Atlantic, but one day the American vessel quietly glided up St. George's Channel through the passage between the breakers, and, dropping her anchor, a boat was lowered from her side, and put off for the mainland.

The boat contained Captains Warfield and Mandeville, and two seamen who managed the oars. As they touched the shingle of the beach, and as the former stepped out, our hero simply said :

"You will wait here until we return."

Side by side they walked away from shore, and finally entered the magnificent grounds of Lord Falmouth. The castle was a gloomy old building, mouldy with the dust of centuries, and looking as if it were as capable of withstanding a siege as a regular fortress.

The two men were unobserved, until Captain Mandeville reaching up, gave the immense dragoon's head which answered for a knocker, a ringing signal, which was tardily answered by a liveried servant, who ushered them into a broad reception room, and promised to carry their message to Lord Falmouth.

It was fully a half hour before the latter responded to the summons, during which Captain Mandeville paced the floor like a chained tiger, unable to restrain his furious indignation. Occasionally he clenched his hands, gnashed his teeth, muttered to himself, and looked toward the door, as if he would burst through it, in quest of the wretch who had so wronged him.

Warfield sat with a heart whose feverish throbbing was painful. The thought that in a short time, in all probability, he should be face to face with fair Inez, was enough to

unnerved him; and, as his face flushed and paled by turns, he felt himself as weak as a child.

By-and-bye a light step was heard, and the men braced themselves for the scene.

"Be calm!" admonished Captain Warfield, himself trembling with his emotions.

The next instant a tall, foppish looking gentleman of about fifty years of age, appeared.

"Good afternoon; whom have I the honor——"

But the sentence was not finished. Captain Mandeville, from behind the door, sprang like a panther upon his lordship, and roughly shoved him back against the wall.

"You dog! give me my daughter."

Lord Falmouth did not speak, for two reasons; his emotions would not permit him to do so, nor would the grip upon his throat permit such a proceeding. He turned pale, gasped, struggled convulsively with his hands, and looked as if he were choking to death.

Seeing which, Captain Mandeville loosened his grasp enough to allow him to breathe.

"What—what means this?"

"It means I want my daughter, Inez," and the furious sailor shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"I—I—know—nothing about her."

"Come, that won't do; if you don't produce her in ten minutes, I shall beat your miserable life out of your body."

"I—I—I—don't——"

"No more falsehood. Will you tell?"

"I—yes! loosen me."

The distinguished gentleman was thoroughly frightened and cowed like a whipped dog. The sailor took his hand from his throat and person, so that he could speak freely.

"You—you will allow me to go after her?"

"No such thing; you don't go out of this room till she comes in. Ring for her servant, and send him."

Lord Falmouth made as if he would suggest something, but the indignant captain made a threatening movement, which caused a rather nervous pull at the bell.

It was promptly answered by a servant, who was addressed by his master:

"Please request Miss Inez to come."

And then turning to his visitors, he said:

"Now that I have performed what you required, you will allow me to retire."

"If you attempt to go out of this room without orders from me, I shall break your head. If you don't believe me, try it."

Lord Falmouth concluded not to try it just then.

All at once a vision of dazzling loveliness appeared at the door, and gazed around the room in some bewilderment.

"Inez, my darling," said the father, as the tears streamed down his bronzed cheeks, and he reached out his arms toward her. The daughter gave a wild look, and then, with a scream of joy, sprang forward and was clasped in the brawny arms of her father.

Captain Warfield was never in such a dilemma in all his life. The last time he had seen Inez, she was a girl budding into womanhood; now she was a woman more beautiful and magnificent than any one he had ever seen. Indeed he felt confused and abashed in her presence and almost dreaded the moment when her father should release her.

But after she had sobbed awhile on his shoulder, he lifted her head, and said:

"You haven't noticed your old friend, Ned Warfield."

She looked through her tears at him, while he looked and felt exceedingly foolish. Then she walked straight up to him, clasped his neck, and sobbed:

"O, Edward! Edward! I thought I should never see you again."

"But I have found you," he murmured, as he pressed her to him, and kissed her again and again.

When Captain Mandeville looked round, after relinquishing his daughter, he saw nothing of Lord Falmouth. That distinguished gentleman had taken advantage of the excitement of the moment to whisk out of the room, and dis-

appear. Furious at being baffled in this manner, when he attempted to administer the well merited chastisement, the sailor dashed out in quest of him. He saw him going rapidly on tiptoe down the long hall, and made a plunge after him; but the heavy step was heard, and the proprietor of Falmouth Castle could not have vanished more suddenly if he had descried the Evil One in hot pursuit.

Finding himself cheated of his revenge, Captain Mandeville returned to his daughter, whom he found seated beside young Captain Warfield, the faces of both lit up with an expression which showed how great a joy was in each heart. He allowed them to talk a few moments, when he deemed it best to interrupt them.

"Inez, are you ready to go home with us?"

"Indeed I am; why did you not come before?"

"I did not know where to look; if I had known you were here, I would have been after you long ago."

"I have sat at the window for many and many a long month, watching and expecting you—but let me get my shawl, and I will go with you. Edward tells me your vessel is waiting."

"His is; mine is not—for I have none."

Inez started into the hall, but was restrained at the door by her father.

"Dare I trust you alone, in the power of that man?"

"I will not be in his power; he will not see me; I will be gone but a moment."

And she tripped lightly out of the room.

Left alone by themselves, the two sailors began to grow impatient.

"I am sorry I let her go," said the father, his voice and manner showing his uneasiness. "In this infernal old place there is no telling what deviltry may be going on."

"After the thorough shaking you gave Lord Falmouth, he will hardly dare attempt anything more so long as we are within reach."

"He had better not," said Captain Mandeville, "for

I can stand no more from him. It would be a pleasure to me to shoot him as he stands."

"Vengeance is mine saith the Lord," repeated Captain Warfield. "His accounts will be squared on the last Great Day."

"I know, but there are some things too great for a man to bear, and I wonder how it is that I let that man escape with his life. I could tear him limb from limb this minute."

Captain Mandeville was almost in the white heat of passion, as he paced the floor, back and forth. The happiness of Captain Warfield was so great under the two blessings—the independence of his native country and the restoration of Inez to him, that he could not be otherwise.

"Just think of it," said he, addressing his friend. "Great Britain has acknowledged our independence, and your lost daughter has been restored to you."

"True," said the sailor, stopping in his abrupt walk. "I can hardly realize it. I am, indeed, thankful for the favor of heaven."

The hardy man sat down in his chair, but his impatience soon got the better of him.

"I tell you I am uneasy," said the father, when one quarter of an hour had elapsed since the departure of his daughter. "I don't see what can keep her."

"You must remember that we are waiting, and time passes much more slowly to us."

"But she promised to be gone but a short time, and I am sure it is nearly two hours."

"Not quite," laughed Captain Warfield, as he produced his watch and examined it. "It isn't quite twenty minutes."

"And why need she be quite twenty minutes, when she merely went to get her shawl?" demanded Captain Mandeville, determined not to be deluded into any false sense of safety by the arguments of his young friend.

"Why, there may be the best of reasons. You do

not know how far she has to go, and then it isn't likely, if she has lived here several years, that she is ready to go without taking something more than her shawl with her."

"Let him attempt to detain her if he dare!" exclaimed the captain, again angrily pacing the floor.

"She could call to us the moment she discovered danger, which he must know."

"Yes; she might call, and who would hear through these thick walls. She may have shouted several times to us. She may, indeed, be beyond our reach this minute."

"Oh! no, although I must admit I am beginning to feel uneasy," said Captain Warfield, not a little impressed by the last words of his companion as to the walls keeping back any outcry Inez might have already made.

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed Warfield, raising his hand, while Captain Mandeville stopped walking, and listened.

"I heard nothing," said the father. "What is it you heard?"

"Maybe I was mistaken, but I thought I heard a voice in the distance"

"I have no doubt you heard it, but it was closer by than you imagined. Plague on it, Ned! I ought to have gone with her when she went out of the room."

"Yes; I fear you have reason for your fears"—

"Hark!"

"Father! Edward! Quick!"

There was no mistaking the voice this time. Coming through so many thick walls, the sound was faint but distinct. The two dashed out of the room.

"From what direction did it come?" asked Warfield, as the two paused for a moment, bewildered.

"Somewhere this way."

And the two hurried down the long hall.

At the end they came upon the broad staircase, up which they ran a half dozen steps at a time. At the

top, they encountered a burly servant, who attempted to block their way.

"What right have you, robbers, to come into a gentleman's house in this manner, without"—

Captain Mandeville caught the man by the arm, and gave him a fling that sent him, rolling and bumping, all the way to the bottom, while he and Warfield continued on in their former course.

When Inez Mandeville left the presence of her father and lover, with a heart overflowing with gratitude and happiness, not a thought of further danger from the man who had lorded it over her for so many years entered her head for a moment.

She tripped lightly along the hall until she reached the broad staircase, up which she ascended, humming to herself some light air. Passing into her own apartment, she caught up her shawl, and was about to pass out again, when she observed a small trunk, a present from her father which she had brought with her from America, and which she did not wish to leave behind her.

Stooping down before it, she unlocked it, and began packing and arranging her jewelry, so that she might carry it with her. As this lay here and there about the room, it took no little time, and when she was ready to pass out again, over fifteen minutes had elapsed.

As she arose to pass out, Lord Falmouth stood before her, with his back against the door which he had locked. She started back with a faint gasp of alarm, for the distinguished gentleman had never before invaded her apartment.

"What means this?" he asked, in the low voice of deadly passion.

"It means that I am going home with my father; let me pass instantly!"

"Do you think that after going to all the trouble and expense of bringing you to America, I shall let

you quietly depart in this manner? I rather think not."

"Lord Falmouth," said Inez, "much as you have injured me, I have no desire to harm you. My father will kill you if you attempt to detain me in this building. I promised him that I would be gone but a few minutes, and I have already overstaid my time. He will be looking for me in a few moments."

"Let him look, I think he will have some difficulty in finding you."

"If you keep me a moment longer I shall call to him."

"Call, and see whether he can hear you."

Inez gave utterance to the cry which we have already recorded, and it reached the ears of her father and friend.

But Lord Falmouth was certain that the loudest shout was unable to penetrate through these massive walls.

"You had better shout again," he said, contemptuously. "You may as well quietly submit. I have sent word for a dozen of my servants to arm themselves and arrest these rebels who dare invade my house and insult me in this manner—and they will soon learn the consequences"—

A tremendous shock against the door burst the lock, and Lord Falmouth was thrown prostrate upon his face, while the furious Captain Mandeville spring upon him, and began beating him terribly. He would have assuredly slain him had not his daughter interfered.

"Don't, father! Stop, for my sake! You have nearly killed him! There are men gathering to arrest you. Fly before they come! Here, take my trunk."

The captain desisted, leaving Lord Falmouth more dead than alive, as they hurried down the broad staircase and through the broad hall, out doors.

"Now, let us get on board as soon as possible," exclaimed Captain Mandeville. "I shan't feel safe until we are on the Sea Gull again, and we have a hundred leagues of salt water between us and this infernal coast."

"Don't hurry too much, father," said Inez, "for I am afraid this excitement has been too much for me."

Captain Warfield drew the arm of his betrothed within his own, and half supported her weight, as they hurried along. At the Sea Gull lay a considerable distance off, he felt that they were not yet out of peril. He remembered the servant whom his friend had stricken down upon the stars. Plenty of time had been given this man to set on foot almost any scheme for their ill, and he was pretty well satisfied that they would not reach the water without further trouble.

Quite a breeze was blowing. It seemed growing dark, and as the two sailors glanced off toward the sea, they saw that it was already breaking into chopping waves, the long ridges of foam rapidly churning, while the sullen roar of the breakers was growing louder each moment.

"We ought to get off the coast as soon as possible," said Captain Mandeville, turning his head toward Warfield, who replied:

'Yes, there is a regular storm coming——'

At this juncture a half dozen dark forms rushed from behind an outbuilding, which the party were passing, armed with heavy bludgeons. Each of the men attempted to draw his pistol, but before they could do so, they were both stricken down by a violent blow upon the head. Warfield's last recollection was of hearing an agonized scream from Inez, and, as he was about to rush forward to her rescue, a ringing concussion of the head prostrated him on his back and he lost all consciousness.

When Captain Warfield regained his consciousness, it was pitchy dark, and a violent wind was blowing in his face. It was some time before he regained his remembrance of what had taken place, but the stinging pain in his head materially assisted him, and quickly rising to his feet, he stared about.

"Inez! Inez!" he called, in the suppressed voice of agonized fear, "where are you?"

But the moaning wind and the howling sea were the only sounds which came back in response, and again he called:

"Inez! are you lost? Give me an answer! No, no—it cannot be."

But the turbulent ocean and the sweeping wind were still the answer.

Convinced now that she was really gone, he began to think more deliberately. He recalled the circumstances under which he had gotten into this sore strait; and then his apprehensions regarding Captain Mandeville were greatly increased. He looked toward the ocean, but could see no signal light from the Sea Gull. All was dark, and he feared that she had put to sea, although he could not understand how such a thing could be done, when it was known that he was on shore, and there was reason to believe that he was in trouble. But where was Captain Mandeville? Had he been killed? Had he been stunned and drawn within the castle, and there slain by Lord Falmouth—or was he held a close prisoner until summary vengeance could be taken on him?

These were the torturing questions which our hero put to himself as he stood mentally debating upon the best course for him to pursue.

As he turned his eyes in the direction of the castle, he caught the twinkle of a light, so high in the air that he knew it must come from one of the upper rooms of the immense building. It burned dimly, like a star of the fifth magnitude, and steadily as though it were held fixed in its place. Whether to go in search of the Sea Gull, or some of her men, or to go boldly to the castle and demand admittance, were the questions which he was endeavoring to decide for himself.

It did not take him long to reach a conclusion. Nothing could be accomplished by appearing at Lord Falmouth's residence alone, unless it might be his own ill, as he observed that his only weapon remaining by him was his pos-

tol. with which he could not hope to accomplish much in the face of the force which he knew only too well was at the disposal of the unscrupulous Englishman.

There were several things regarding this affair which were by no means clear to our hero. After groping around in the dark for some time, carefully searching the ground (and bearing in mind that Cap^t. Mandeville was not a dozen feet from him at the time they both received their quietus), he could find no traces of his companion. He had either been taken away, or had gone away himself. In either case, it was equally incomprehensible how Warfield could have remained undisturbed while this was being done.

Furthermore, the young captain felt no little indignation when he recalled that he had lain here so long without having received any notice from his own crew, who had every reason to suspect that evil had befallen him, from his long-continued absence, and he resolved that when he did tread the deck of his vessel, *somebody* should get the greatest kind of a "blowing up."

But above all was his great fear regarding Inez. She had undoubtedly been re-captured, but whether taken into the castle again or not he could not say. Most probably the crafty Briton had carried her into the interior, where, if not safe from all pursuit, she was so secure that a long and tiresome hunt would be necessary.

"Let this matter turn out as it pleases (and if I live, it can result in but one way)," he muttered, "we shall consider that at present there is no peace between the United States and Great Britain, and we will give that old castle a taste of Yankee thunder such as it will remember."

Captain Warfield gave a start and an exclamation of pain, for, as he replaced his hat upon his head, he felt an enormous swelling, very painful when touched, produced by the powerful blow which he had received. He found, too, that there was dried and clotted blood in his hair, and an examination of his wound dispelled all the wonder which he had entertained at the long time which he had, apparently, remained senseless.

A dizzying pain shot through and almost prostrated him for a few moments, but he summoned his strength and quickly recovered.

First satisfying himself, as well as he could, of the direction in which the Sea Gull lay he started toward her. The wind by this time was almost blowing a hurricane, but it was cooling and refreshing to his fevered face, and as it blew his locks around his neck, he felt invigorated and strengthened, and only too anxious to meet Lord Falmouth and decide the ownership of Inez with him.

The unceasing roar of the breakers, and the thundering of the waves warned him that he was near the sea. A few minutes later, the salt spray was thrown upon his face, and he began walking along the coast, carefully scanning the waters for some light or signal from his ship. The darkness was intense, and he could discern nothing at all, except the occasional phosphorescent gleam of the waves. Finally he paused abruptly.

"She is gone! that is certain—and what it means is more than I can tell. There must have been some good reason for it. Hello!"

Just then he caught a glimpse of a shadow moving slowly toward him. Placing his hand on his pistol, he demanded:

"Who are you?"

"To the best of my recollection, I am Captain Mandeville; your voice resembles that of Captain Warfield."

"Glad indeed am I to meet you, and find you living."

The two grasped hands and greeted each other with the strongest friendship.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked our hero. "Where is the Sea Gull?"

"That is what I am trying to find out. She don't seem to be here, and must have slipped out to sea."

"What is the reason for doing such a thing?"

"There can be but one reason. She has seen danger in the shape of some British frigate, and concluded it best to run no risk."

"But what is there to fear, now that peace has been declared?"

"You know what my experience was in the Pacific" replied Captain Mandeville. "Depend upon it, they wouldn't have gone to sea unless it was prudent. They will be back in the morning, or as soon as it is safe for them to do so."

The confident assertion of Captain Mandeville had the effect of making our hero feel at ease regarding the conduct and whereabouts of his crew—but now with overwhelming force came the question as to what had become of Inez. Wondering at his own forgetfulness, he instantly turned upon his friend and asked.

"Do you know a word regarding your daughter, Capt. Mandeville?"

"Good heavens! no—and that reminds me that, no doubt, you have been wondering as to how I came here, while you were left upon the ground."

"I confess that I don't understand how it was that you left me."

"You recollect that we both got a blow which stretched us out upon the ground, and didn't leave many ideas in our heads. Well, when I came to myself, a short time ago, the first thing I did was to look round for you, and when I found you, you were so limp and senseless that, for a time, I was sure you were dead. I shook you again and again, and finding I could do nothing alone, I started off for the ship, and we have just met each other."

"And where is Inez? Is she living or dead?" demanded Captain Warfield, in great excitement.

"It is not probable that she is dead," replied Mandeville, who, rather singularly, now seemed to be cooler and more self possessed than his young friend. "I have no doubt that Lord Falmouth has her back in the castle once more."

"And how is she to be rescued? We cannot remain here while she is perishing."

"Calm yourself, my boy—calm yourself. It was you who had to preach to me, and now the case is changed. I

have been asking myself whether we should attempt her rescue ourselves, or wait until the return of the Sea Gull, and then bombard the old place, and tumble it down about his ears. Rather than be idle, we may try our hand at it again."

It is difficult, when a person is suffering some harrowing anxiety, to remain motionless and quiet. Although the wind blew strong and sharp from the Atlantic, yet the brows of both men were fevered and hot, and they walked with their hats in their hands, as though it were a warm summer night. They walked slowly, for when it was a matter of debate whether it were best to approach the frowning, gloomy building or not, there certainly could be no need of their hurrying.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Captain Mandeville, "whatever gave me that blow gave me an awful one, and raised a lump almost as big as my head itself."

"And mine is in a similar condition," added Warfield; "it's a pity they took us so completely by surprise."

The two now turned toward the left, and took a direct course toward the castle, moving cautiously and watching lest they should run into danger unawares.

"It is curious that we were left lying so long on the ground," remarked Captain Mandeville, "the Sea Gull must have started off before they had any idea of the trouble in which we got ourselves. I have an idea that I heard the noise of a cannon just about the time I got knocked over."

"I thought I *felt* it," laughed our hero.

"But one would have thought that these dogs would have done something more with us——"

"Sh!"

At that instant they caught the sound of voices, although as yet the darkness was so great that they could see nothing of them. The wind being right, they had no difficulty in hearing the words.

"They have gone!"

"Maybe this ain't the place."

"Yes, it is. I am sure of it; right here, near the cor-

ner of the old building. I hit the old feller and he keeled over beautiful."

"And I did the same for the young fop that hung onto the gal so tight. He went down like an ox."

And the remembrance of the little affair seemed to give them such pleasure that they indulged in a hearty laugh. Our friends listened with an intensity which can scarcely be imagined, for they were in hopes that they would hear something which might give them a clue to the fate or the whereabouts of Inez. Nor were they to be disappointed.

"They lost the gal, at any rate," added one of the men, a moment later.

"Yes; the lord has her safely stowed away in the upper room, where these rebels won't find it so easy to get their hands on her again. If that frigate only keeps in sight a while longer, this Yankee privateer will be glad to keep away."

This single remark threw a flood of light upon the very subject upon which they were so anxious.

"Well, they have gone, and so we may as well go back again."

"I am going down to Brunburn" remarked another, "and have a taste of Gaffney's porter, for all the lord wanted us to go back again."

This met with such favor that the majority turned off, and took a direction opposite to the one leading to the castle, while one or two sauntered in the right course.

Having learned all that was possible, and, indeed, all they wished, the sailors now moved rapidly toward the building, careful to take such a course as would prevent their being seen by the servants, who had been so obliging to enlighten them upon the all-important subject. When they reached the building, two of the servants preceded them going into their own apartments. They were narrowly watched, and a moment later, Captain Mandevile said:

"I see a way to get in; do you remain here, and keep watch."

And before our hero could give a word of remonstrance, the old sailor had disappeared.

The eagle eyes of Captain Mandeville had noticed that one of the servants had left open the door by which he had entered, and stealing up behind him, he instantly did the same, being successful enough to elude observation. He was engaged upon a desperate undertaking, and if he failed or turned back all would be lost. Striding straight forward, he opened another, and soon found himself ascending a flight of stairs, which was just where he wanted to find himself. After several ascents and turnings he reached the upper story, in a long hall, where he paused, totally at a loss as to what he should do. Hearing footsteps approaching, he darted into a side door to conceal himself. They came nigher, and, as he peered out, he observed that it was a servant passing carelessly along. Watching until he was beyond observation, he again stepped out, but had taken scarcely a dozen steps, when he detected others, and instantly sprang back to his place of concealment.

Captain Mandeville's heart gave a great leap as he recognized the withered-up form of Lord Falmouth, shuffling along the hall, rattling a large bunch of keys in his hand. The moment he passed his hiding-place, he stole out like a cat, and followed him on tiptoe. At the end of the hall the noble gentleman turned to ascend a secret flight of stairs, when he recognized the crouching form behind him.

"One word at the peril of your life; lead me to my daughter"—

"That I shall *never* do," he returned with great emphasis, growing white with passion.

There was no time for delay, and the sailor struck him a blow in the face that stretched him out like a dead man. Then, plucking the keys from his hand, he darted up the stairway, calling "INEZ, INEZ!" in a suppressed voice. A few moments later came the feeble response:

“Here, father!”

One of the keys he held in his hand was found to fit the lock, and the next moment father and daughter stood face to face.

“Lead me out of here quick,” said the former, “we haven’t a moment to spare.”

Without another word, Inez took another direction, thus avoiding the sight of the prostrate body of Lord Falmouth—through halls and doors and passages that seemed almost interminable, and, at last, they again stood in the free air. They had little difficulty in finding Captain Warfield, at whose advice they took a course to the south which they continued until morning, when, to their inexpressible joy, they caught sight of the *Sea Gull*, standing along shore, on her return to them. They were speedily recognized, a boat was sent off, and a half hour later our friends trod the deck of the gallant little privateer.

Fairly on board the *Sea Gull*, Captain Warfield consented that Captain Mandeville might pay his respects to the proprietor of Falmouth Castle. This was done through the gunner, who trained his favorite piece so skillfully that a couple of shots brought the tower tumbling down, while a couple more made formidable breeches in the main walls of the building, to the excessive terror of Lord Falmouth and the inmates, who could be seen flying in the greatest dismay across the fields in a direction opposite to the sea.

The explanation which Inez Mandeville gave of her abduction was such as to leave no doubt of the fact that her nurse had been sent from England by Lord Falmouth for the express purpose. She feigned a strong opposition to the removal of her charge from her home, but Inez soon saw that she expected the arrival of the ship, and did all she could to facilitate her removal.

Arriving at Lord Falmouth’s residence, the nurse or guardian took her departure, no doubt handsomely paid for her services.

Lord Falmouth explained to his prisoner that he had taken this step in revenge for her father winning her mother away from him. He treated her with comparative kindness, except he held her a close captive, she never having been a dozen miles from the castle during her long residence in England.

All in good time, the Sea Gull came up the Kennebec River, and cast anchor where she had so often lay before. She was welcomed with joy and enthusiasm, for her fame had preceded her; but when it was known that the gallant Captain Warfield had brought his bride with him—the long lost Inez—their pleasures knew no bounds.

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